THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1879, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879. $3.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 42.

THE TENDER THOUGHT.

BY ALICE H.

I gave him a thought a tender thought—
But he is miles away;
I wonder if he remembers still
Five years ago to-day?

The same bright green was on the hills
We climbed that afternoon;
And there as now, while loitering down
I saw the crescent moon

Just over my right shoulder—then
I made the wish most dear;
I whispered low the magic words,
Too low for him to hear.

But you were false to me, fair moon!
My wish did not come true.
And yet to-night you look as fair
As when I wished with you.

The air blows cool from off the hills
And brings the breath of flowers,
That faint, sweet fragrance which suggests
The recent April showers.

Just such a day as this—nay that
A shade less fair; and yet—
The thought I gave, the tender thought,
Was shadowed with regret.

HUNTED DOWN;

—OR,—

The Purpose of a Life.

CHAPTER I.

THE twenty first of September was an eventful night. In the fashionable part of the town of Brightstone, in a house opposite the corner house of Brunswick Terrace, and just two doors from the Catholic chapel, sat two ladies, one about forty-five, the other a young girl of some fifteen years.

"It is late, Arabella," said the elder lady; "we had better go to bed. Cuthbert will not arrive to night."

"Very well, Aunt Alice," replied Arabella.

"But hark!—what is the noise in the street opposite?"

Just as the clock of the Catholic chapel was striking twelve there rose on the still night air a fearful cry—"Murder! murder!"

Lady Alice St. John, tearing aside the curtain, looked from the window.

Lights were flashing in the corner house, and a crowd was fast gathering; and she could see one man in the grasp of a policeman.

"Oh, Heavens!" she gasped, "what has happened? What is the matter?" she cried aloud to a man hurrying past.

"Murder!" he answered, with a face of horror. "There has been murder done there to night."

"Who—who?" said Lady Alice. "I know the family—in pity speak."

"It is the foreign lady, Lady Egerton; they've taken the murderer under her window; he's an Italian," said the man, and mingled with the crowd.

A few days after this event, the following paragraph appeared in the local paper:

"A terrible murder has been committed at Brightstone, on the night of the 21st instant. The murdered lady was the Lady Egerton, and the deed was perpetrated in the most cruel manner, the unfortunate lady having been stabbed and then shot with a pistol. The guilty party was arrested under the very window, one pistol in his hand and its fellow on his person. He is a foreigner, and gave his name Giulio Doria, strongly protesting his innocence, and said he saw a man run round the corner; but though he had none of the quantity of missing jewels (the supposed temptation to the deed) on his person, he was at once secured and taken before the magistrates. The most singular part of the affair is, that Sir Angelo Egerton, the murdered lady's son, is reluctant to prosecute, asserting his belief in the prisoner's innocence; and a little girl, his ward, who was in the bedroom at the moment of the fearful deed, maintains that the man was not its perpetrator, but her tender age, only six years, renders her evidence especially at a time of such terror and agitation, of comparatively little weight. The Bench thought there was strong presumptive evidence against the prisoner, and fully committed him for trial."

Some weeks after another paragraph appeared in the same journal on the subject. It ran thus:

"A most daring escape was made from Brightstone jail, by Giulio Doria, who was awaiting his trial for the murder of Lady Jesuita Maria Egerton. The night previous a woman, a foreigner, calling herself his mother, was allowed to visit him, and it is supposed that she supplied him with means of escape. He was located in a cell on the third story of the prison, the base of which was about twenty-five feet from the ground, the window protected by stout iron bars. He got hold of a rope fifty feet long, and a kind of drag similar to a butcher's hook, and this he fastened in the centre of the rope, which was sufficiently long for him to reach the ground from his cell by its aid. In order to get out of his cell, he had, however, to remove one of the iron bars, which, by some means or other, he managed to do by cutting it at the bottom clean through with a knife, probably also obtained from his mother. Once outside, he wended his way noiselessly to the west front of the building; but there an obstruction to his progress presented itself in the shape of a boundary wall, twenty five feet high. Getting on to a coal heap, about four feet from the ground, he doubled his rope, the hook before mentioned being in the centre, and threw it over the top of the wall, working it about until the drag got fast underneath the stone coping, which projects some two or three inches from the bricks. He then drew himself up to the top, and slid down outside, pulling the rope after him. After that, he got over a wall about ten feet high, and was once more at liberty. It is supposed that Doria had some accomplice, as not the remotest trace of him has been found."

* * * * *

The blue waters of the English Channel dance and ripple in the joyous sunlight round the bows of a vessel that bears an exile from his native shore. He leans over the rail, and, as he gazes on the distant white cliffs, the tears that fall in the murmuring waves are tears wrung from an almost broken heart. Vain to try and forget; vain to try and flee from one's own thoughts!

* * * * *

It was a beautiful room, evidently belonging to a man of taste and cultivation. It was handsomely but simply furnished, no light modern tables or chairs that would bear no weight, were to be seen. Indeed the furniture was rather of a past age than the present, and suggested the idea that the room belonged to a family mansion, which was in fact the truth.

Here and there, on brackets or a side table, were statues, evidently the work of master hands, of a Bramante, Canova, or Chantrey; one or two exquisite silver cups of Benvenuto Cellini's stood on the marble mantelpiece, while in the centre was a most beautiful antique vase, which some eighteen hundred years before may have adorned the atrium of some high born Pompeiian noble.

There was a handsome bookcase in a recess, and its contents showed a high and cultivated mind. There you would have seen a tribute from almost every country, ancient and modern—Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and German; nor were even Spanish works wanting, in a collection which ranged from the most solid literature, history, politics, and metaphysics, to the lightest or nearly the lightest.

There were only four large pictures in the room, but these were masterpieces of art; and the most prominent was one of Michael Angelo's grand scripture pieces. There was a St. Catherine by Rafaelle, and one of Rubens' gorgeously colored pictures. Opposite the mantelpiece hung an immense picture, a Landseer, representing, life size, a gigantic Spanish bloodhound, a beautiful noble looking animal, and so to the life that like Paul Potter's famous bull, you almost expected to see it start out of the frame. And on the rug, asleep before the fire, lay the original of the picture. How a Spanish bloodhound came to be in an English gentleman's house we shall see presently.

Seated at the other end of the rug was a slight, noble-looking man, of stately height and commanding mien, with one of those faces which once seen are not easily forgotten—unusually handsome in its stern, statue like beauty, and singular in the rare intellect on the noble, grave brow, and in the dark eyes, whose calm, searching gaze few could stand long. He was very dark, with something almost Spanish in his complexion. But perhaps the fault of his face—if it had one—was its grave severity, and the utter absence of any color to relieve its darkness, rendered yet deeper by the wavy masses of coal-black hair, and the slight mustache which shaded the proud, sternly-chiselled mouth. In years he was thirty-two, but there were marked lines drawn across the high, broad brow, which gave evidence of deep thought and heavy cares that left their traces on the proud, ambitious man; and deep in the grave, wondrously beautiful eyes lay an inexpressible mournfulness, a shadow, that perhaps gave them such a strange beauty and fascination.

In one hand he held a volume of Machiavelli's "Prince," and the other rested on a singularly beautiful child of ten years, whom at a glance you would pronounce a Spaniard; and as she leaned against his breast you could see his likeness markedly reflected in her face, strangely grave and thoughtful for so very young a face. It had the same deep, almost regretfully mournful expression in the dark eyes that his had, it had much the same cast of beauty; and now, in perfect repose, had something of his sternness and proud severity, softened immeasurably, but still there. Was she his daughter? See the likeness between them, and the tender, almost clinging way his arm encircles her, and now and then, as he bends downwards, presses her head closer to his breast. A cloud seems to hang heavily on them both, and link the man and the child closer together. But she is not his daughter, for hear what she says, "Angelo, it is four years to day—four years since that tearful night."

He drew a long, shivering breath, and he bowed his head a little, a very little lower, till his coal-black hair mingled with hers. He made no answer, but he dropped the book to wind that arm about her too, as if he feared she would fade from his clasp like a dream or vision.

There was a long silence, then the child said, softly, "Angelo, the grass is green over her grave, and the ivy has crept round it; but she is in heaven, and looks down from above on the son she has left alone in the world."

"Not alone. Oh, you are all I have to love!" said Angelo, suddenly and passionately straining his child to his heart. "Man's mind and intellect may love and worship at shrine of ambition, but his heart must have a gentle love to fill its aching void, and it is thy pure child like image that hath grown into my love and filled my heart."

The Castilian nestled her head against him with an action that spoke volumes, and a bright tear fell on the hand she twined her little finger round.

He spoke again presently in low subdued tones, and his was one of those rare strange voices that seem rather the reverberations of some soft music on every heart-string than audible by the outward ear.

"And yet the day may come when I must lose my Spanish flower, when my little one will leave me."

Was he testing the child? If so, the passionate energy of her answer absolutely startled her.

"Never! never, while I have life! never, while I live on earth, or hope for life in Heaven. Where you go, there will I go. If you die I will lay my head on your silent heart and die too. You are all I have to love or hope in; my very ambition centres in you alone, who are all to me—a stranger in your land, a homeless stranger, but for the love and shelter of your hand. Oh, Angelo! you are all to me! Never send me from you; let me be near you all my life, for in you is all I care for in life!"

The words were not those of a child; unconsciously to herself she uttered words far beyond her years, words of deeper meaning than she knew, though in the inmost recesses of her pure soul—a child's, yet a woman's—she felt them indefinitely, vaguely, but how deeply, let the loving heart of any true woman say.

Angelo Egerton clasped the slight form of the child to him, whispering, "My own! my little one! never, never leave me, darling; for my heart would be dead indeed, and my life dark, without my beautiful Leonore.

Long, long they remained so; neither moving, neither speaking—her eyes gazing into the fire as she rested against him; his fixed on the grave, dark young face which lay with such trusting, confiding love on his breast, reading the very depths of the young heart which knew not itself, but which that night had unconsciously laid itself bear to him like an open book, in which he read all its wealth of a child's innocent affection, and woman's trusting, pure love—a book in which,, as the Chaldaens of old read the stars of heaven, he read her future, his future; that an indissoluble chain bound them together; that she must be his only in life or in death. He released her presently and took up Machiavelli again; but for that night, at least, the living love and the memory of the sad past had softened the stern, severe man, and the subtle, ambitious politician was the feeling, dreaming man—dreaming dreams that were perhaps too bright ever to be fulfilled. His dark eyes wandered from the book to the child, who had sunk down at his feet, and laid her head on Leon, the blooodhound, and he threw the "Prince" aside.

As the volume fell on the table the door opened, admitting an old, white haired servant, who had carried his master as an infant, and had known his father before him.

"Mr. Everard, sir, has sent for your pistols, as you desired."

"Who has he sent, Burns?"

"A boy, sir, but he says he can take any orders."

"Let him come up here, then, Burns, and then go and bring me the pistols. I think they are in their usual place."

Burns retired, and Leonora de Caldara rose. The next moment the door again opened, giving admittance to a handsome, intelligent-looking boy of fifteen, with something about him which instantly struck Egerton—the man accustomed to read and study men and human nature—as superior to his position; neither had the boy that awkwardness so common to his class. He closed the door gently, and his whole manner and speech had the innate grace of a gentleman.

"I have come from Mr. Everard, sir," he said, and the bright hazel eye went straight and boldly to Egerton, "about some pistols."

"My servant has gone for them; and meanwhile," said Egerton, with that gentle courtesy which is inborn in the gentleman, and which the proud descendent of the Egertons, if cold and haughty to his equals, ever showed his inferiors, "meanwhile sit down and rest."

The boy obeyed; but Egerton, who stood quietly watching him, saw the bright eyes wander round the room and dilate suddenly as they rested on the sublime "St. Catherine" of Rafaelle, and a half-smothered exclamation of enraptured admiration escaped him.

Angelo half smiled and said, "Go and look at it as closely as you like."

The boy rose directly, then hesitated, and coloring deeply, said, "I hope sir, I have not offended you. Indeed I couldn't help the exclamation."

Egerton merely shook his head, and a slight smile crossed his lips as he said, "Enthusiasm is natural to the young. Examine all the pictures."

Unconscious of the calm, dark eyes that were so keenly watching him, forgetting where he was, the boy gazed entranced and wrapt on them; but Angelo noticed that he left Michael Angelo's grand piece and the gorgeous Reubens to return to the St. Catherine.

"He abandons our favorite for Rafaelle" said Egerton.

The child looked up, and glancing from the picture to the boy, said, "Perhaps the Michael Angelo is too sublime, for him to appreciate."

It was a strange remark for a child of ten years to make, but she had not been trained as most children are, and in many things there was a precocity about her which sometimes gave Angelo a deeper pang of pain than he would have ever acknowledged. Even now a shade crossed his face and he smothered a sigh, as he said to the boy, "Are you fond of paintings?"

"I am passionately fond of paintings, sir," said the boy with a flush on his cheek and a flash in his eye.

"Have you ever seen pictures like these before?" said Angelo.

"Ah, no, sir, never!" he replied.

"Have you ever heard the name of Rafaelle?" asked Egerton.

"Yes, sir, I have read about him."

"That picture you evidently admire the most, the St. Catherine, was painted by him." said Egerton.

"What, sir, that actual picture?" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes, it is the original," said Egerton.

"Ah, sir! he must have been a great artist; I wish I could paint."

"Don't you like being an errand-boy?" said the child suddenly.

The boy turned round sharply, and a dark flush mounted to his brow, as he replied proudly:

"No, miss; I must do that, or starve; but, though my dead mother was only a poor artist, she was a lady, and my father a gentleman."

The Spaniard looked at Angelo, and her eyes filled as she said pityingly:

"Have you no father or mother?"

"No, miss," he replied, "both are dead."

"What is your name?" said Egerton.

"Walter Hargrave, sir."

"That is not your real name—your father's?" said Egerton, bending forwards.

"No, but it's good enough for an errand boy, said the boy bitterly. Then he added hastily, "I beg your pardon, sir. I have taken great liberties, but I shall never forget the pictures."

Here Beros entered with the pistols, and the boy retired.

Angelo leaned against the mantelpiece, and sank into a deep reverie. He was passionately fond of the arts, and of art and talent wherever he found it. He had been struck with the whole appearance and manners of the errand boy, more especially the admiration he had evidently felt and showed for the pictures, and Egerton determined to learn a little more of the boy, and if he found him what he expected, he was equally determined to take him by the hand, and with a generous spirit like Angelo's, that meant to start him in life.

Consequently it was at an early hour the next morning that Sir Angelo Egerton, M. P. for Cambridge University, walked into the shop of Mr. John Everard, Old Bond street, a good, old fashioned, unpretending looking place, that had been established more than half a century, and had been owned by the father and grandfather of its present master.

Mr John Everard himself was none of your flashy modern tradesmen, who put on long coats, peg top trousers, and parson-like "guillotine," and drive out in dog-carts under the delusion that they will be mistaken for gentlemen or fashionable "men about town." No; John Everard came of an old county yeomanry family. He was proud of it; he was proud of being the head of so old an establishment as Everard & Co. (the Co. had been defunct twenty or thirty years since); he respected himself as such, and did not wish to be taken for any thing above his position; he would have rather felt insulted if he had been. He was just one of those people you would call the "old gentlemen;" he belonged rather to the last age—there was just a dash of seventeen hundred and odd about him, for he clung to the dress of his youth.

Such as he was, as Egerton now saw him, with his gray hair, silvered by sixty years, shading his forehead and temples, peering over the gold spectacles at each one who entered.

"Why, Sir Angelo!" he exclaimed, as the tall graceful figure of Egerton appeared, "I haven't had that pleasure for I don't know how long."

"Very long, Mr. Everard," said Egerton; "and now I want to speak privately with you if you are at leisure."

"At your service, Sir Angelo; walk in here," said Mr. Everard, throwing open his parlor door. "Come in sir. How is your little one, Miss de Caldara?"

"The same as ever, Mr. Everard—never ill or ailing."

"My boy brought the pistols," said Everard. "You shall have them soon."

"It is about that boy I am here to-day," said Egerton. "What sort of a boy is he, Mr. Everard?"

"A very good one, Sir Angelo; as good a boy as any one need want," said the old gentleman. "I believe he has known better days, poor child; but he never grumbles nor is too fine to work; and he is true and honest as gold."

"Is he fond of reading, at all?" asked Egerton.

"Indeed, sir, he is; read, whenever he can consistently with his duties—he never shirks them a bit. I lent him a few books, and I assure you sir, considering all, he is very tolerably read and educated. I have my eye on him."

"So have I, Mr. Everard. "Do you know if he has ever tried to draw?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Mr. Everard. "Why, you see, his mother was an artist. I knew them first two years ago, when she came to me, poor thing, asking me to buy some water color drawings she had done. They were really beautiful, sir; why they would have sold for fifteen shillings and a guinea. She had brought her boy with her, and had once or twice sent him on messages. Then she died suddenly, poor lady!—for she was a lady, sir, every inch, born and bred—and this boy came to me in great distress, entreating me to lend him five pounds to bury his mother, promising to pay me back in time. I gave it him, sir, for he was a right good lad, and then I took him as my errand-boy. Well, Sir Angelo, early and late, that boy worked. In the hours that I didn't want him he would go and carry parcels and messages for other people; and, would you believe it, the Christmas after his mother's death he brought me the five pounds in a beautiful little purse. Well, you know, sir, it would have been like robbing the orphan take it. I couldn't, and I didn't; I told him I'd keep the purse, but the money I had always meant to give him, and he had shown himself more deserving of it by the efforts he had made to repay it."

"You don't know anything of his history, then, or who his parents were?" said Egerton.

"No, I don't, sir," replied Everard; "except that his mother once said her husband had been a colonel in the army."

"You said he drew," continued Egerton; "have you any drawings that he has done?"

"I think I have, sir," was the ready reply.

The old man opened a drawer, and after some search gave Egerton a sketch.

It was a pencil sketch,—a woman standing by a stream, with an old church in the background, and the moonlight falling on them.

Sir Angelo was a connoisseur, and though the drawing was very defective and devoid of art, there was a vigor and beauty about it, a life in it that instantly struck him and told that the hand of an inborn artist had done it.

"This boy," he said, "is an innate artist. This sketch is really beautiful, defective and devoid of art though it is."

"The woman's face, sir, is his mother's over again," said Everard.

"Ah! indeed," said Egerton. "Have you any objection to letting me have this?"

"None, sir," replied Everard; "you're heartily welcome."

"Thank you," said Egerton. "And now, Mr. Everard, to the point. I mean to rob you of this boy, and bring him up an artist instead of a gunmaker."

"Then, indeed, Sir Angelo, it's very kind of you, and just like you!" exclaimed the old gentleman, "for he seems very fond of the art."

"I am going to speak to him this evening," said Egerton; "and if he likes my offer, I shall take him away at once."

"How can any boy in his senses refuse such an offer from a gentleman of your rank and position, sir?" said Everard. "Why, his fortune is made."

"No; Mr. Everard, he must do that himself. I will give him the means, but he must make his own name," said Agelo, as he took his leave. "Good day, Mr. Everard."

CHAPTER II.

IN the fair town of Florence, in an apartment elegantly furnished, but simple for all that, sat a young man by the open window, enjoying the soft April air which fanned and stirred his dark—almost golden—brown hair. He was quite a young man, probably not more than two-and-twenty, and most strikingly handsome. He had finely, classically-cut features, with a broad, imaginative, but intellectual forehead, and a bold, prominent, well defined brow, from beneath which looked a pair of large beautiful blue eyes, deep, dark, and brilliant, yet with a softness in their clear depths which gave them a peculiar beauty. But on his brow there was a shade—

Not sorrow, but a shadow—nothing more—

which should have never been known to two-and-twenty years, and was painful to see on so young a face, though it was only here when the face was in perfect repose as now. The instant he spoke, or smiled, the shadow vanished, and the whole countenance lighted up.

The young man was sitting with his back to the door, which was ajar, and he was so wrapped in a dreamy reverie—dreaming, it might be, of the distant shores of his native England, from which he was an exile—that he did not hear steps,—light, almost noiseless they were certainly—enter the apartment; but a low spoken "Julian" uttered in a voice he well knew, instantly caught his ear, and, with an exclamation of joyous surprise, he sprang to his feet.

"Angelo! you here, old friend!" and the two Englishmen met in a clasp that none but firm friends give, for a moment in silence, and then Angelo drew forward a slight and childish figure we know, saying:

"I have brought Leonora with me, Julian."

"I am very glad. I often think of my little favorite," said Julian, bending down and tenderly kissing the child; "why, pretty one, how tall you have grown, just like the flowers in the garden"

She smiled, and asked if she might get some.

"As many as you can, fairy," replied Julian; "only don't let Leon trample on them."

His eyes followed the little slender form as she bounded away with the gigantic Spanish bloodhound, and he turned to Angelo.

"She is very tall for ten years," said he, "and very slight, very fragile. Is she in health?"

A sudden pang went to Egerton's heart that for a second held him silent; then he answered, quietly:

"She is very strong, physically and constitutionally. She never is ill; she has an iron constitution."

"She is remarkably like you, Angelo, both in feature and expression," said Julian; "but she has too grave a brow and sad an eye for ten years She has none of a child's joyousness. She used, five years ago, to be different."

"Aye," said Angelo, bitterly; "but that is dead. That fatal night, four years ago—that fatal tragedy—quite changed her. It has given her grey hairs at ten years old. And you—oh, Julian! it is very bitter that you must suffer so for that night's work. I must find that man."

"How? there is not a clue," said Julian Rothesay, sadly. "No, Angelo, we must watch and wait. But let it pass. How is my beautiful mother—Marion? I have not seen her since then."

"I saw her privately before I came," replied Egerton; "and I am the bearer of a long letter from her. I will go to Leonora while you read it. Call me when you want me."

"Thank you, Angelo," said Julian. "But, by the way, tell that fairy she must call me Julian, as she used to do when quite little, not Mr. Rothesay, as she did just now."

Egerton stepped out of the window and called Leonora to him.

"Come here, Leonora," said he. "I have a command for you."

She came; and it was beautiful to see how her mournful dark eyes and grave little face lighted up at the mere sound of his voice.

"What is it, Angelo?" she asked.

"Julian is very angry with you, Leonora."

"I see your lips smile," said the child, shaking her head. "You are not in earnest."

"No, of course not," replied Egerton. "He says you are to call him by his Christian name, not his surname."

"It would seem wrong, Angelo, and disrespectful," said the child.

"Why, pretty one, you call me 'Angelo,' and I am two-any-thirty instead of twelve years older than you."

"Ah, you——," said the child, and she paused.

Angelo Egerton almost involuntarily bent down and kissed the child's brow as he said:

"But he loves you, and wishes it, and so do I, because he does. Won't you remember and call him Julian always, now and when you are grown up?"

"Yes I will remember, Angelo," she replied; "and if it won't be wrong, I like calling him best by the old familiar name."

"Angelo! Leonora! come in," called Julian.

He had read the letter and put it away.

"Now, tell me what you are doing, Julian," said Egerton. "How are you getting on?"

"As well as I could hope, being so young," he replied. "I have got some name here and beyond here, I am told. It is important to get known. I have several splendid private galleries at my service, and plenty of pupils. Yes, I am getting on, certainly."

"Mark my words, Julian—in three or four years you will 'wake one day and find yourself famous.' Such talent as yours will make itself known."

"Ah, Angelo, I wish I could think as well of myself as you do.

"Well, well, it is best as it is," said Egerton; "but remember my words. I have another pupil for you; a young friend, a ward of my own."

"Angelo, you are very kind," said Julian.

"Stay a minute; you don't know what I am going to ask of you," said Sir Angelo. "First give me your opinion of this!"

He drew forth the drawing Mr. Everard had given him.

Julian took it and examined it very critically.

"The artist of this is untaught," said he, "or, at least, nearly so; but he has talent."

"You have exactly hit it," said Egerton. "This youth is now only fifteen. He was only a short time ago errand boy to Everard, of Bond street. He is a gentleman, and the son of a colonel in the Indian army, at whose death his widow and child came to England, and lived in great poverty. The mother died a year and a half ago, and the son went to Mr. Everard's. A little while ago I came across the boy, and finding evidence of talent as an artist, I resolved to bring him up as one, and to place him with you, not as usually your pupils are, who have homes near. His home must be with you, for I am going to take my little one to travel for two, three, or perhaps four years; so that he will be always under your charge, though, of course, you shall always know where I am. For all his expenses, in every way, I provide of course."

"Angelo, stop; now hear me out, and don't let your pride speak. Let me in some way return to you the kindnesses you have heaped on me for years. I shall never be able to repay them all. Give me the pleasure, for once, of serving you. I will teach your ward for nothing; from you I will take no fee. Angelo, you must grant me this favor."

"As you will, my dear Julian. I perfectly understand you," said Egerton, grasping the artist's hand. "Have your way on that point."

"Why didn't you bring him here?" said Julian; "and, by the way, what is his name?"

"Walter Surrey," was the reply. "I left him at the hotel; but you must come up and spend the evening with me, and I will present your future pupil to you."

"I shall be delighted," said Julian. "I hope, Angelo, you are not going to fly at once?"

"No," said Egerton, "we have plenty of time, and shall stay at Florence two or three months. Leonora shall travel as I did."

"How do you manage to leave England for three or four years, Mr. Statesman?" asked Julian.

Leonora had glided away the moment Egerton mentioned business matters, and he answered with an anxious glance at the slight figure moving amongst the flowers:

"She needs a thorough and lengthened change. Her spirits have never recovered the shock of that night. I am afraid they never will; but I will try what two or three years' traveling will do. Longer than that I cannot possibly be away, and even that, not very well; but still, better now than any time hence."

"Are you sure of your re election to Cambridge University?" asked Julian.

"Yes," was reply; "not much fear of losing that."

"The Conservatives, I see, went out in March, Angelo—turned out by a regular Whig trick. You were in the Conservative ministry?"

"Yes; but we shall be in again before three years are out," said Egerton, quietly, as he rose; "but we must leave you now. Ah, here is Leonora. Come early, Julian."

"I will be with you at seven. So adieu till then," said the artist.

"Then till then, adieu," returned Egerton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bushranging is once more active in Australia. A gang lately captured the police at Jerilderie, a small town of New South Wales and held the town for two days, taking $10 000 from the bank. A reward of $40,000 is offered for their capture.

So hard are the Socialists hunted down by the police of Berlin, that in despair of being allowed to meet in any room, they gathered on the roof of one of the double decked street cars on a recent Sunday, and there had their talk undisturbed.

Toledo has a wealthy and fashionable shoplifter. An argument in her defense as a kleptomaniac is, that she had a prayer-book in one hand when caught, and a stolen piece of silk in the other.

The Russian Church has 100,000 persons in holy orders. There is no use for more than half of these. Many of them are in a state of great poverty, some having to live by begging.

For speaking disrespectfully of the German Crown Prince in a public place of entertainment, a teacher of languages has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

BITTER-SWEET.

I am building o'er buried pleasures
A cairn that shall mark their bed:
I am telling the tale of treasures
That have turned from fine gold to lead
I am tuning my lute to measures—
Dear measures!—whose soul is fled.
Bitter sweet in the sad December
The remembrance of May, Juliette
Say, love, can you bear to forget?

I am straying by sullen rivers
That prattle no more of spring—
By glades where no sunbeam quivers—
In woods where no linnets sing.
But only the cypress shivers,
Brushed by the night-bird's wing.
And yet would I fain remember
That once it was May, Juliette!
Not even the sad December
Can force us to quite forget.

O'er this cairn shall I cease to ponder,
And scatter it stone from stone?
Shall I break, ere I grow yet fonder,
This lute with its mocking tone?
And shall I no longer wander
In woods whence the birds are flown?
Ah! bitter-sweet in December
The remembrance of May, Juliette!
Say, love, do you dare to remember?
Sweet love can you bear to forget?

Margery Fennell.

BY D. O. F.

TEN o'clock striking, and George Fennell not yet at home.

Margery Fennell was used to her father's absence of an evening—had been used to it all her life; but whenever ten o'clock struck without bringing him home, she could not help feeling restless and uneasy. She knew then where he was to be found, and in what condition. Either at the Leyburne Arms, at the upper end of the village, or at the Two Travellers, at the lower end, and in a state of maudlin, but good-humored intoxication.

To-night, as on countless previous occasions, Margery put on her bonnet and shawl, and prepared to set out in search of her father. George never refused to go with his daughter when she found him

George Fennell was a gangman on the neighboring railway. He had a number of men to work under him, and it was his duty to keep a certain length of line under constant supervision and repair

Before setting out to-night, Margery blew out the end of candle, and lighted a fresh one, for although Bella was now to all appearance fast asleep, she might wake up before her sister got back.

It was from this Bella, this little sister now eight years old, that Margery drew at once the sweetness and the sorrow of her life. The sweetness came to her through the intense, yearning love she bore the motherless child. The sorrow came to her because through her the child's life had been blighted.

One day when Bella was not quite a year old, and a few months before Mrs. Fennell died, the latter sent Margery to fetch some milk, and told her to take the baby with her. Margery went, but the day was frosty, and the roads slippery, and on her way back she fell. She herself was uninjured, but Bella's spine was hurt by the fall, and she had been a cripple from that day to this; and a cripple the village doctor averred, she would remain as long as she lived. She could walk, but only with the aid of crutches, and a few steps at a time.

Margery gave a last look round, stooped to kiss the sleeping child, and then went swiftly out, and shut the door behind her.

But strange to say this night her father was at neither of the places, and Margery's mind jumped at once to the conclusion that he must have walked past his end of the village. More than once before he had done the same thing.

Margery stood for a moment to think. She could call to mind but one other place where there was any likelihood that her father might be found, and that was the lodging of Black Dick. The thought had hardly formed itself in her mind before she was on her way to Black Dick's.

The owner of the above unenviable sobriquet had appeared in Cheverton one day, coming from nobody knew where, and seeking out George Fennell, had demanded rather than asked for work. He knew nothing of railway work, he said, but he had been in Australia, and he could handle a spade and pick as well as most men. George Fennell took to the man and found him work.

Dick lodged in a lonely little cottage up a side lane that opened out of the main street.

As Margery turned out of the village street into the lane she slackened her pace and went more cautiously. But not a soul did she meet. She was on the point of turning off the foot-path and crossing the stile when she caught sight of some unfamiliar object between herself and the cottage. Venturing forward, step by step, she made out in a little while that the object in question was neither more nor less than a light country trap with a horse between the shafts. It was evident that there was company at the cottage to-night, and no doubt her father was there among the rest.

The cottage was in darkness, she heard voices and through the shutters came a line of light. Half a minute later, with her hand pressed to her bosom, she was peeping through the crevice in the shutters. Round a common deal table sat four men in close and earnest conversation. Three of them were strangers to her; the fourth was Black Dick. On the table were a lighted candle and a bottle of spirits, with glasses and a jug of water. Nowhere could Margery see her father. Suddenly one of the men took a pistol out of his pocket, and began to examine it, as if to make sure that it was in proper order. Then a name spoken by Black Dick struck on her ear—a name with which she was familiar—that of James Clinch, the signalman at Ottergate Junction.

"I tell you again," said Dick, emphasising his words with a blow of his fist on the table, "that the train never passes the junction before thirty-five after eleven. I've timed her myself every night for a week. Two of us can manage Clinch. The other two must keep out of sight till they are wanted."

Then the other men joined in, and the talk grew more animated. Margery listened as she had never listened before. No thought, now, of running away. Even her anxiety about her father was forgotten for a little while. For full ten minutes she stood there with her ear close to the shutter. Then she had heard enough — enough to daze her, to confound her, to make her ask herself in blank despair what it was that she ought to do. Suddenly the meeting broke up, and almost before Margery knew what had happened, the door was opened and four men came out. It was too late to run back to the shelter of the apple tree. Fortunately, within a few feet of the window there was a large butt placed to catch the rain-water. Margery slipped round to the other side of this, and, drawing the skirt of her black dress over her head, she crouched between the butt and the wall, and waited in mortal dread for what might happen next.

Here she remained till they got into the trap and drove rapidly away. Then Margery stood up and put down the skirt of her dress, and listened to the noise of the retreating wheels. Yes—it was as she thought. On reaching the end of the lane they had turned to the right and taken the road that led to Ottergate Junction. What ought she to do? — what, indeed, could she do? Poor Clinch! his pleasant face and cheery laugh. If she could but have warned him! Even while this thought was in her mind, she set off running in the direction of home. If only her father had got back, she would tell him what she had heard. The dear, familiar light at last! She opened the door softly, and went in. Her heart sank within her. There were no signs of George Fennell. What could have befallen her father?

Suddenly, as though it were a flash of inspiration, a thought came into her brain that almost stunned her for a moment. "If I could but do it!" she said aloud. She pressed her fingers to her eyes for half a minute, so as to think out more clearly the scheme that had been suddenly revealed to her. Then she hesitated no longer. She would try it; she could but fail.

The first thing she did was to tie the ends of her shawl in a knot at the back of her waist, so as to leave greater freedom of movement for her arms. Then she took her father's lamp—the one he used on the line when out at night, and carefully trimmed it. Then she took down from its nail a small rush basket in which her father used sometimes to carry his breakfast or dinner. Into this she put six fog signals, taking them out of a box behind the pantry door where a stock of them was always kept in case they should be needed.

She was now ready to set out. A last look at her sleeping sister before she issued into the darkness, then shutting the door softly behind her, away she sped as if for dear life. The object she had in view was to stop the mail train before it could reach Ottergate Junction. In order to do this she must, first of all, get on to the line of railway, which, at its nearest point, was quite three-quarters of a mile from George Fennell's cottage.

At length the last field was crossed, the last hedge scrambled through, and Margery Fennell found herself on the railway. Her first act was to kneel and place her ear close to the rail. She knew by doing so the noise made by the approaching train could be heard sooner than in any other way. It was coming!

First seeing that her lamp was all right, she halted, and opening her basket, took out of it one of the fog signals. This she proceeded to fix on one of the rails. Then, having run twenty yards farther, she proceeded to fix another signal, and twenty yards further another. By this time the noise of the oncoming train was clearly audible. When she had fixed a fourth signal she knew that it was necessary to hurry back. By this time the pulsations of the train were becoming louder with every moment. Presently the train came swinging round a curve some half a mile away, and next instant the lamp in front of the engine was plainly visible from where Margery was standing.

Another moment and she heard a faint report as the engine passed over the farthest signal which she had laid down, then another and another, till the last. Before this, Margery, standing full in the pathway of the train, was waving her red light frantically. But already the fog signals—fog signals on a clear night—had warned both driver and guard that something must be amiss. Then came three short quick whistles from the engine and all the brakes were at once put on. Thirty yards farther the train was brought to a dead stop.

Before Margery could reach the train, the engineer and conductor were coming back to meet her, and sundry anxious heads were protruded through the car windows. In a few broken sentences Margery told her tale.

Four men armed with pistols had gone to the signal box at Ottergate Junction. Their object was to seize the signalman, James Clinch, and take possession of his box for the time being. When the mail was nearly due, they intended to turn on the danger signal instead of showing the ordinary white light, and so bring the train to a stand close to where they were waiting for it. This done, they, being armed and knowing there were seldom many passengers in it, intended to rob the train.

After a brief consultation, however, all the passengers agreed to go forward with the train, Mr. Howson, a rich jeweler traveling on it with a lot of goods would have Margery in the same carriage with himself and his partner. But now that her share in the drama was at an end, all her anxious fears respecting her father came back with redoubled force. Her one wish was to get back home as soon as possible.

When the station came in view they knew Margery was right, for the moment the distance signal came in sight it was seen to be dead against them. Keeping on their course as though they had not seen it, they shot past the box at the rate of more than a mile a minute. A momentary glimpse was had of three or four dark figures crowded into the box, and then the darkness swallowed them up. Three minutes later the train drew up at Bickmore Station.

The would be thieves had decamped long before the police could reach the Junction, but James Clinch was found there, bound hand and foot, but otherwise uninjured.

Black Dick and his friends, although they got clear away for the time being, were subsequently implicated in some other affairs in which they were not so fortunate, and met with the reward due to their manifold merits. Black Dick was discovered to be an old offender who had chosen Cheverton as an out-of-the way spot to lie by in for a little while till the heat of pursuit in another part of the country should have time to grow cold.

George Fennell, coming to his senses about three o'clock in the morning, found himself, greatly to his surprise, lying under a hedge within a quarter of a mile of his door. He had taken off his boots and his hat, likewise his coat, which he had folded up and used as a pillow. Then he had lain quietly down and gone to sleep. What had been his idea in so doing he never knew. The result of his freak was a sharp attack of rheumatic fever which laid him by the heels for three months, and left him ever after a sober and a wiser man.

Mr. Howson and his partner were rich men and both of them were anxious to show their gratitude for the strange service done them by Margery Fennell. But there was nothing they could do for her, Margery said They did, however, pay the doctor's bill for her father's long illness, and saw that he wanted for nothing during that anxious time.

Mr. Howson offered to have Margery educated, with a view of improving her position in after life, but Margery said that her place was by her father's side, and that nothing should induce her to leave him.

"I wish I could show my gratitude in some substantial way," said Mr. Howson to her one day. "Is there nothing I can do?"

"Yes," said Margery, "there is one thing you can do," and never till that moment had the thought struck her. "My sister—let her be seen by some of the great London doctors. Oh! sir, if they could but cure her—if they could but make her poor back straight and strong, I should be the happiest girl in England."

* * * * *

Several years have gone by since the above words were spoken. Margery is the happy wife of James Clinch, and James himself is the station master at Bickmore, and you would never believe that that tall and elegant-looking young lady had ever been the poor decrepit child, Margery had kissed that night.

An Illinois man sleeps every night on a spot of ground left bare for the purpose in his house, and has an attendant shovel clean earth over him, to take the place of bedclothes. He believes that in this way he guards against disease.

Almost all the places of amusement in Boston, a city of about 400,000 inhabitants, are within a circle, the radius of which is little more than 100 yards.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

CORRUPTION IN RUSSIA.—Corruption in Russia is said to be so universal, and bribes are so irresistible to Russians, that by law they are forbidden from being druggists or apothecaries, from a conviction on the part of the government that for a bribe they would sell poison enough—could they obtain it—to poison one-half of the population.

THE "HOOSIERS."—The people of Indiana are called Hoosiers, and it is said to be an abbreviation of "Who's there?"—a question which used to be shouted aloud by the traveler in that quarter, when, amid the tall grass of the prairies, he heard voices, or saw the smoke of a log cabin, but could see nobody. Very likely, however, this derivation is not the true one.

REASON IN A DOG.—A reliable story is told of a terrier-like dog of no particular breed, named Uglymug, who had a poodle for companion. Whenever Uglymug saw signs of a family meal being laid out, he inveigled the poodle into a labyrinthe shrubbery under pretense of seeking for rats, and when the latter was fairly intent on its game, Uglymug sneaked back to enjoy all by himself what he could get from the family table.

THE SACRED WRITINGS.—The Jewish scribes were exceedingly conscientious in the guardianship and delivery of the sacred writings. The parchment was required to be made in a specific way and prepared only by a Jew. Directions were minutely followed as to the style of character, space between words, and the position of every letter. When the divine name was to be written a fresh and unused pen must be taken. Upon review, if a single word was found defective the whole manuscript was destroyed.

THE SHAMROCK.—When St. Patrick landed in Ireland to convert the Irish, its pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him. He requested to be heard, and endeavored to explain God to them as the Trinity of Unity; but they did not understand him until he plucked a trefoil, or shamrock, from the ground, and said: "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be one, as for these three leaves to grow upon a single stalk?" "Then," says Brand, "the Irish were convinced, and became converts to Christianity; and in memory of that event they have ever since worn the shamrock as a badge of honor."

THE BUDDHIST PRIESTHOOD.—The ranks of the Buddhist priesthood in China are generally recruited by children, purchased either from their parents or from kidnappers. Occasionally, parents dedicate a child to Buddha, and the child is there and then formally made over by deeds signed, sealed and delivered. From this step there is no withdrawal. The child's head is completely shaved; he is made to live on a vegetable diet and to forego the use of wine. He is taught to chant the Buddhist liturgies, and after a required novitiate, proves his constancy to the faith by standing unmoved while several pastilles burn down into his scalp, leaving the ineradicable scars which testify to the fact that he has put away forever the things of this world and has been regularly ordained as a priest.

SIZE OF THE HUMAN HEAD.—It is still a disputed question whether there is a relation between the volume of the cranium and the development of the intellect, although facts seem to point to that conclusion. Inferior races have heads smaller than Caucasians; the heads of Negroes, Indians, and the Cochin-Chinese being particularly small, although, by way of compensation, they are particularly hard. Women have small heads, but, as has been hinted, a deal of mischief is sometimes packed in them. Men in the South have smaller heads than those in the North, mountaineers than denizens of the plains, artizans than artists. The heads of peasants grow when their owners come to reside in towns. The head increases in volume with the ordinary mortal until the age of forty-five; with ecclesiastics it come to a standstill at five and-twenty.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD.—The following are the chief speculations of the Greek philosophers concerning the origin of the world: Thales, who is called "the father of philosophy," flourished about 630 B. C., taught that the cause and origin of all things was water. Anaximenes, another Greek philosopher, who flourished in the sixth century B. C., taught the infinity of air, or ether; that its activity was the cause of all things, and that it was in reality God. From it proceeds fire, water and earth, by rarefaction and condensation. Diogenes of Apollonia ascribed all things to air, but he claimed that it was endowed with a vital principle, which was the real cause. Anaximander, a Greek philosopher, who flourished in the sixth century B. C., taught that infinity of matter is the original cause of all phenomena, and that all things return into it. He made the first globe and invented the sun dial. Pythagoras held number to be the principle and material of things. This philosopher first projected the true theory of the solar system, which was subsequently revived by Copernicus.

TO A DAISY.

Sweet little daisy, from the lowly sod
Thy gentle eye looks ever towards the sky—
Looks where we point when looking up to God
As not too small to tell of the Most High.

Methinks thy life is one long song of praise
To Him whose wisdom formed thy pink-tipped fringe;
Away from earth thou turnest all thy days,
And so thy beauty knows no earth-stain'd tinge.

Common thou art and humble in thy birth,
Yet ever welcome in this world of sin;
For, scatter'd freely over God's green earth,
Thy message seems to be, "Look up to Him;
Bend not towards the dust but fix thy love,
With faith unwavering, on things above."

INEZ;

—OR.—

LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

FOR Madame Monteleone, life seemed renewed. Even as she had lived, hoped, and planned for Bianca, so she now lived and hoped for Inez. She devoted herself to the child's education; she tried to make her all that her mother had been; but no two characters were ever more dissimilar than that of the young mother and her only child. Bianca was gentle and yielding, Inez was proud and unbending; as well try to move a rock as persuade her to change when her mind was once made up. Bianca had heard with reverence of the glories and honors of her race; Inez was proud of them, but frankly told her horrified grandmamma that in her opinion a little present comfort was worth all the past grandeur put together.

Madame Monteleone had managed her own daughter admirably; but Inez was beyond her abilities. She did not understand the child's passionate, ardent, artistic nature. She was half frightened when the rich musical voice sang of the hopes and wishes already forming in her young heart; she did not understand her. She could not tell why Inez craved to hear something of her absent English father, and looked wearied and melancholy when the poor lady spoke of the Monteleones.

Then began that fatal system of narrow restraint that ultimately helped Inez Lynne on to a life of woe and misery.

"Something must be done at once," her guardian thought, "to control and keep within proper bounds that wild impetuous disposition."

Unfortunately the wrong thing was done. To all the young girl's longing, eager questions of the world beyond the bounds of Serranto, the lady turned a deaf ear. Like her mother, she had no pleasures, no amusements, no companions. Her day was divided between dry monotonous duties and hard study; Madame Monteleone seldom left her home, and the child was never allowed to leave the boundary of the castle. In vain she asked of the absent father whose name she scarcely knew; by madame's wish she was called by her own name of Monteleone, and it was many years before she knew that she had any other.

It was like old times at Serranto; the only difference was that every one was older. Even the servants forgot at times, and called the young lady "Bianca."

Madame Monteleone never once thought that the life Inez led was dull; Bianca had not found it so; she had never complained; she had never asked questions of the great unknown world, nor seemed to long to join it. She never tired of study as Inez did, for that young lady at times flung down her books and passionately declared that she would never read another line.

"I want to see men, women and children," she cried one day to her horrified listener. "I see no one but you and the servants; I am tired of you all, tired of my books and my work. Let me see something fresh, or I shall die."

Then did poor Madame Monteleone clasp her hands and mourn over the degeneracy of her daughter's child.

* * * * *

The life that had contented Bianca Monteleone was one monotonous wearying round to her beautiful and high-spirited daughter. Day by day it became less endurable. A new knowledge was growing upon her, the knowledge of her loveliness. Child as she was, she understood that the face which smiled at her from the depths of the old mirrors was beautiful beyond words. The bright dark eyes that flashed there had a world of strange meaning in them.

"What is the use of it all?" sighed the girl; "I am young and my face is like the picture in the gallery; but who cares for it?—who sees me?—who cares for my singing or anything else that I do? Was ever life so bare and dull as mine?"

Long hours in the evening gloaming were spent in wondering what the world was like beyond Serranto—that bright world where gay cavaliers wooed and won beautiful ladies, where dancing and music and song gladdened young faces and light hearts—that world of which the few romances she had read, unknown to Madame Monteleone, gave her so fair a glimpse.

Her ardent imagination led the young girl through all these scenes. Dreaming among the oranges and myrtles she saw herself a queen among gay and gallant cavaliers, the queen of the tournament, the belle of the ball, for whose smiles and kind word men fought and struggled. The time must come for her, as for all other girls, when sweet love words would be whispered to her in the twilight, when her smile would give rapture and her frown despair. All these pictures she made for herself; and while the sun was still golden in the sky, before the flowers and birds were quite asleep, the sharp voice of old Caterina would be heard calling the young signora in; it was time to close the house and go to rest.

After a few cold formal words with Madame Monteleone, the young girl was dismissed to her room. Standing by the window, watching the sun set and the moon rise over the Andalusian hills, the broken reveries were resumed. The dull, gloomy castle ceased to exist for her; she was in gay palaces and brilliant rooms. Love and homage surrounded her; the bravest and noblest sought her smiles.

From such glowing dreams the girl awoke with a shudder to the cold stern reality of her life. She lived at last almost entirely in dreamland. There all was fair and charming, while the reality was dull and prosaic beyond measure. It was easier for that gifted, artistic, imaginative being to make a world for herself and live in it than to school her proud spirit to bear patiently the monotony and gloom of her daily life.

Many faults, many errors, must be pardoned her; if there had been any outlet for that ardent imagination, the fate of Inez Lynne would have been different. Properly trained and educated, she would have made an artist or an authoress. Her quick, active glowing fancy would have found legitimate occupation; as it was, it fed upon itself until the girl's whole life became an unreal dream. Even had she known the future Madame Monteleone destined for her, it would have been better, but that lady, frightened and rendered cautious by her failure with Bianca, said nothing to Inez of Madrid, the Court, or the grand marriage she expected her to make. "Let it come upon her suddenly," she thought; "and she will all the more probably comply with my wishes."

No word was said to Inez that gave her any prospect or hopes of brighter days. "I shall live here," she said to herself, "until I am old and wrinkled and cross as grandmamma. What will my life have been?—how shall I bear it through the long, long years?"

Wildly enough she beat against the bars, but all in vain. No bird in a cage was ever more solitary or more sad. Where was the English father of whom she heard ever and anon from the old servants a few mysterious words?

Months ago, one day when she had longed more than ever to leave Serranto, she went boldly to Madame Monteleone and asked where her father was. Her heart was touched by the stately lady's face, as she folded her in her arms and said:

"You are all mine, Inez; you were given to me my own, in your mother's place. No one in the wide world cares for you but me."

With all her guardian's tears still wet upon her face, the girl lacked courage to say that the love and care given to her in Serranto were not sufficient—that she craved for a fuller life, wherein she might have some pleasure and happiness.

So time passed on, and day by day the wish and longing for some break in her life's monotony grew stronger. The time was to come, and did come, when she looked back to those quiet days with envy and regret—when she would have given beauty and talent, ah, even life itself, to have been once more a dreamy, innocent child. But no change came; winter and summer, spring and autumn, succeeded each other, and found life the same at Serranto.

* * * * *

"Seventeen years old to-day," said Inez, one bright morning; "I am seventeen; in ten years more I shall be twenty seven, and the best part of my life will be over. If something does not happen soon, I shall run away, and make a life for myself."

Little did Madame Monteleone know the bitter, rebellious thought of which the proud, beautiful face she watched with growing hope gave no trace.

"You have not been idle, Inez," she said one day, with some complacency, to her grandchild. "You play and sing well; you speak French and Italian fluently. All accomplishments are useful."

"I know something more than that," replied Inez triumphantly. "I have taught myself English; I can read every English book in the library; I should be able to speak it in a short time if I went to England."

A wistful, sad look came over Madame Monteleone's face.

"It will be useless, my dear child," she said. "You will never leave Spain. You will never see England. There is something for you to do here,—a life's task to accomplish."

Those few words, "You will never see England," sounded like a death knell to the bright hopes and fancies upon which the young girl had lived. She made no reply, but the expression of determination that fell upon that young face might have alarmed Madame Monteleone, had she seen it, and caused her to fear for her plans.

Already a change was coming; the one dark cloud that had hung so heavily over her, the gloomy monotony of the girl's life, was breaking.

Madame Monteleone, while ascending the stairs, slipped and fell. At first the little household was dreadfully alarmed, and believed, when they saw their lady's still, white face, that she was dead. But when the servants raised her upon the bed they found she still breathed.

In hot haste a physician was summoned from Seville. For many long, dreary weeks the poor lady lay between life and death. She recovered at last, but to find herself a helpless cripple, and to hear the sad sentence pronounced by the doctor that she would not be able to move without assistance.

When the first shock was over, Madame Monteleone pondered seriously as to what step she should take with regard to her young grandchild. Common sense and reason told her that she ought to write to Lord Lynne and ask him to take his daughter; but the treasured idea of her life clung to her still, and she could not renounce it.

"Something will happen," she said to herself. "Doctors are not infallible. In any case, I will keep Inez with me. If she goes to England, she will marry an Englishman, as her mother did; and then, farewell forever to the race of Monteleone!"

So nothing was written to Lord Lynne, and he never heard either of the accident or the illness of his daughter's guardian.

Inez found greater liberty and freedom than she had ever enjoyed before. Madame Monteleone never left her room. She was too nervous to bear any noise or much conversation. For one hour every morning Inez read to her, and received her instructions as to how the day was to be employed. So many hours were to be given to music, so many to reading, and so many to household employments. The music Inez never missed; it was the one solitary pleasure of her life. When that was over, the rest of the day was all her own. She did not spend it now as she had been obliged to do when Madame Monteleone's quick eyes were upon her, in studying in one of those dull little rooms that looked upon the court yard. Caterina always sat in madame's room, and Juanita, who was cook and housekeeper, felt too sorry for the young girl ever to control or betray her movements.

So, when the music was ended, and old Caterina safe upstairs, Inez wandered in the grounds of Serranto. The boundary of them was the high road that led to Seville, and the poor child gratified some of her longings by watching the people who passed. Sometimes it would be one of the heroes of her dreams,—a cavalier riding at full speed. Carriages, ladies, country people—all and everything had an interest for her. They belonged to, nay more, they were part and parcel of that gay world of which she had read and dreamed, but which she had never seen.

Some who passed by noted the beautiful, wistful face, half hidden by the leaves of the myrtle trees, and wondered who the lovely, high bred girl could be—what she was doing—why she gazed, day after day, with such longing eyes upon the road that led away to Seville. It was some little break, some change in the almost unendurable monotony. When the evening shadows began to fall, Inez hastened home. No one but Juanita ever saw her enter the house, or knew of the long hours she spent in the grounds.

They were not very extensive, these grounds at Serranto. Time had been when hill, valley, and stream all belonged to the Monteleones. The broad, fertile lands had been sold or forfeited, and little remained of the once large estates; but that little was picturesque and pleasant. The gardens were gorgeous with flowers and fruit. Large myrtles lent their shade; trees, whose rich and luxurious perfume loaded the air, grew as they would. The grounds were not cultivated, they were beautiful in their rich and luxuriant wildness. The boundary that separated the high road from the grounds was a very frail one—a line of small flowering shrubs, day after day, there might have been seen a graceful girlish figure, walking slowly, with dreamy, wistful eyes gazing on the high road.

One evening—ah, to the last day of her life every detail was vivid and clear to Inez Lynne—she was walking as usual in the grounds. For years afterwards she remembered how the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, how the birds sang and the deep blue sky seemed to smile upon her. Her beautiful, restless face was turned to the long road that led to the city, when she heard the sound of a horse galloping quickly. Looking back she saw a horseman vainly trying to restrain his steed. It had taken fright, and seemed anxious only to throw its rider and make its escape.

For many minutes the young girl watched the encounter. Her face grew white with fear; for the horse appeared quite unmanageable; but she could not help admiring the ease and bravery of its rider. Through all that terrible contest he never once lost his nerve or self-possession. His courage and calmness won the victory at last, and the trembling steed recognized a master's hand.

The cavalier was obliged to dismount, for in the struggle the plumed hat had fallen from his head, and the silver-mounted riding whip lay upon the ground. As he raised them he caught sight of the beautiful face watching him so intently. A cry of surprise fell from his lips, and he gazed in bewilderment doubting whether it was a vision or reality. But when he saw the rich crimson flush that covered the face, and the dark eyes drooping under his gaze, he knew that it was a beautiful reality which had so greatly startled him. Raising his hat, he bowed profoundly to the young girl, and galloped away.

She had seen his face distinctly; it was dark and handsome; but had the poor motherless child been older, she would have distrusted at one glance those false lips and those deep piercing eyes. As it was, she saw but the beauty of the first face that had ever looked admiringly upon her. She remembered the thick, dark curls upon the broad sunburnt brow, the dark moustache that concealed the treacherous lips, the deep dark eyes that had gazed so ardently upon her. He belonged to the gay world. Perhaps even then, she thought, he might be hastening to see some lovely lady who would smile upon him and call him her knight. How handsome, how brave, how courteous he was!

That night, when Inez dreamed her dreams, she had a real hero for them; and he lost nothing from her vivid, graceful fancy.

CHAPTER XVII.

"I WONDER," thought Inez to herself, "if I shall ever see that face again."

She had seen so few strange faces, that a young and handsome one was sure to interest her. No visitors ever came to Serranto. Madame Monteleone had never even during her daughter's lifetime visited herself, for she knew no one in or near Seville. The friends of her youth were all far away; most of them resided in Madrid. She had not cared to make new acquaintances when she brought little Bianca to Serranto so many years ago. She saw no one in it. There was no one there likely to help her in the object for which she lived. Isolated from the world, she had found her happiness in the discharge of her duty and in planning the restoration of the Monteleones.

Isolated from the world, Inez found her sole pleasure in longing for it and dreaming of it.

This face, that had smiled at her with such vivid admiration shining in the dark eyes, was the first of its kind she had seen. It was a dream coming true. The heroes she had made for herself were brave and courteous like him. Would he remember her? would he ever think of her again? Perhaps not, for he saw beautiful ladies every day.

"If ever he rides on the highway again, I wonder whether he will look for me?" she thought.

That wonder increased until Inez felt it must be gratified. When evening came she went out to the boundary line. Up and down the hard road those beautiful, wistful eyes wandered; but there was no sign this evening of the gallant rider and his horse. She could not tell if she was disappointed; she had neither hoped nor expected to see him; she had only wondered if he would pass by again.

Suddenly upon the calm evening breeze there came the sound of a horse's rapid gallop. Even in the far distance Inez knew the plumed hat and the dark face.

With a crimson face and heart beating loudly she concealed herself behind a group of trees.

She heard how the rider slackened his pace as he drew near the shrubs where he had seen her. He drew rein there, and sat for some minutes looking over the grounds of Serranto. She could see the disappointment that clouded his face; then he turned and galloped back to Seville.

"He came on purpose to see me," she cried to herself. "He looked and waited for me. He has thought of me, just as I have of him."

"Where have you been, signorina?" cried old Juanita, when she saw the young girl entering the house. "How well you look! You have a color like a damask rose, and your eyes are as bright as two stars. What has come over you?"

"Is mine really a nice face, Nita?" said Inez simply. "Tell me, if you were to see my face once, would you think of it, and want to see it again?"

"Listen to the child!" cried the old servant, in affected horror. "Did ever any

one ask such questions? Your face is well enough, signorina. It is the mind, not the body, we must care for." Then, seeing something like disappointment in those questioning eyes, she said, "It is a bonnie bright face, young lady. You will know its value some day," she added, smiling as she spoke.

It was a break in the monotony at last. There was something to dream about; a real incident had happened, more interesting and exciting than any she had ever dreamed of, and she was the heroine.

Impatiently enough Inez waited for the next day. It rose at last, bright and beautiful as its predecessor had been. Her first thought was, "Shall I see him? Will he come?"

Even Madame Monteleone remarked how bright and radiant the young face was that smiled upon her, how fresh the musical voice that gaily bade her good morning.

"How beautiful she is!" said the lady to herself, with a deep sigh; "more lovely by far than her mother ever was. If I were but well now, all would be safe."

When the hour's reading was ended, Madame Monteleone kissed Inez more tenderly than usual as she dismissed her.

"This long day," said Inez to herself,—"I have this long day before me. Will he come?"

When the evening hour drew near, again she waited, and hearing once more the horse's galop she watched during the long pause the rider made by the shrubs and heard his half muttered exclamations of disappointment at not seeing her.

Every day during that bright long week the same thing happened; and from behind the trees she watched the gallant young cavalier. She was too shy and timid to let herself be seen; but the day would have been blank to her that did not bring him past Serranto.

One evening it was past the usual time; she had been reading for nearly an hour in her leafy hiding place, but there was no sound of a horse's galop.

No words can describe the blank feeling of desolation that seized the girl's heart.

"He has forgotten me," she said; "he is tired of never seeing me, and will not come again."

She could not define the pain that made her heart ache. It had been so pleasant to gaze all unseen upon that dark, handsome face—to see the eyes fixed so intently upon Serranto, and know the wish to see her had brought the gay young cavalier there. It was something to break the dreary monotony of the long Summer's day. Now it was all over, hot tears fell from the dark eyes, when she heard the sound, not of one horse, but of two, coming swiftly along the road from Seville. Both riders paused at the well-known spot, and then Inez heard a deep musical voice saying:

"This is the place, Luigi, where I saw her, and I shall never forget her. I should lose my reason if I thought I was never to see that face again."

"What was she doing there?" asked his friend.

"Looking over the shrubs into the high road," was the reply. "When I bowed, she blushed. Why to see such a blush is worth living for."

"Why do you not inquire what the place is?" asked the one called Luigi, "it looks like a wilderness, but a very pretty one."

"I have," replied his friend. "The house is farther down, and both house and lands belongs to one of the noblest families in Spain. I made all inquiries, but no one knows much of them. They lead a very secluded life. This much I was told—that the young grand-daughter who lives with her is the most beautiful girl in Andalusia."

"It was the granddaughter you saw, I suppose," interrupted Luigi.

"I should imagine so," said the other. "You must see her, Luigi—she is matchless. I would go barefooted all over Spain to find her once more."

"It is a serious case then," said Luigi, laughing heartily.

"Do not plague me," was the reply. "I tell you that I love that young creature madly, and I will find her and make her love me, if I die for it."

"Well," said Luigi, "you must try again. You have no chance to-day; she is not to be seen."

"I will haunt the place," cried his friend, passionately. "I will stay here day and night, but I will see her again."

They went away and left Inez, her heart beating tumultuously; a new, vague and delicious happiness thrilling her.

What romance had she ever dreamed equal to this?—what "fair lady" in the gay world was ever loved so romantically and so well? He had seen her once, and then but for a few minutes, yet he admired her more than any one else—ah, even loved her. Surely she must be beautiful, if once seeing her could inspire such love as that. How cruel it was that her youth and her beauty should be kept prisoners, as it were, in this gloomy old ruin! Oh if she were but out in the world! Love and happiness, pleasure and riches would all be hers.

All night the music of the words she had overheard rung in her ears and gladdened her heart. Had she been treated as other girls, had she been allowed a fair and proper share of girl amusement, this first little romance would not have produced so deep an impression upon her. As it was, her heart, mind, and imagination were absorbed in it.

When the next evening came she did not go near the "haunted spot. She could not tell, she did not know whether it was timidity, pride, or maiden bashfulness that restrained her—probably all three. He had vowed that he would see her again; let him discover the means. Yet she could not quite give up the pleasure of looking some times into the high road, and she even went in the morning, when it was not likely he would be passing by.

There was a change in the beautiful restless face that looked over the shrubs; there was a new brightness, a deeper beauty; the old scornful weariness had passed away as a cloud before the sun. She watched the gaily dressed ladies now with a smile. Who among them had won such love as she had done?

At that very moment a voice near her murmured a thousand apologies for the intrusion.

Turning round, she saw before her the hero of her dreams. There was no horse, and it was morning, so that he must have been watching and waiting to see her.

"I have longed so much to see you, signorina," he said, bowing almost to the ground as he spoke. "I wish to apologize I fear I alarmed you the other day by my bad horsemanship. I did not know that you were near."

She hardly knew in the confusion of the moment, what he said or what replies she made to him. He found the face that had enchanted him so lovely, so radiant, that he was lost as he looked upon it. The fresh musical voice completed the charm, and Count Rinaldo Montalti, who had laughed all his life at love and lovers, found himself enslaved by the first smiles of the beautiful face.

He was too wise and wary to alarm her. When he had offered his apology he said how beautiful the grounds of Serranto were how much at some future time he should like to walk down that grove of orange trees he saw in the distance; and then, bowing still more profoundly, he took his leave.

She saw no great wrong in it, poor child! At first she did think of telling Madame Monteleone, her heart was so full of triumph. She must tell some one; but then, if she did so, it would be all ended. Instinct told her that this stern lady would never allow her to speak to a stranger in the grounds of Serranto. She would simply be forbidden to leave the flower garden, and her brief, bright and joyous dream of happiness would be over. No, she must not tell. After all, her grandmamma was old; she probably knew nothing of love or romance; she would not understand her; and besides, it was no harm, because he loved her.

He made no apology the evening after that, when seeing Inez in the distance, he sprang lightly over the shrubs, and stood by her side. He simply bade her good evening, and asked her if she would show him those beautiful orange trees.

She walked by his side as one in a beautiful dream. Something in his accent caught her attention, and looking up at him, she said:

"You are not a Spaniard, signor. You do not speak like one."

Then he drew forth a richly embroidered card case, and taking a card, offered it to her with a courteous bow.

"I must ask permission," he said, "to introduce myself. I am an Italian, as my name shows."

She read the name, and thought to herself how beautiful and musical it was:

"The Count Rinaldo Montalti."

"Do you like Spain?" she asked, half timidly.

"It is my Eden," he replied, quickly; "I have found here my Eve."

Then he stopped abruptly, for he saw something like an expression of fear upon the beautiful young face.

"I did hope," he continued, more gravely and courteously, "to have the honor of seeing Madame Monteleone, but I am told she is still an invalid. I must wait for better fortune."

A look of great relief showed the young man he had spoken wisely.

"Do you know Madame Monteleone?" she cried. "I am so glad."

"I do not know her," he replied; "but I hope to see her as soon as she is able to receive visitors."

Those few words removed the only shadow that had veiled the brightness of her joy.

He was so skilful, so wary, he would have deceived a far more worldly-wise girl than Inez, who only knew life from books and dreams. He did not even go so far as the orange trees, but left her in a few minutes, saying if he were so fortunate as to see the signorina another evening in the grounds when he had more leisure, he should pray to be allowed the happiness of speaking to her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was the old, old story—told sometimes under the shade of Italian vines, among the myrtle trees of Spain, or in the green lanes of old England,—always the same—full of music, poetry and romance,—always making the earth fairer, and life a golden dream.

And now the beautiful, gifted, imaginative Inez was listening to the familiar chime of loving words. Life had grown so bright and clear, she wondered at times if the world could be the same—had the skies been always as smiling, the sunshine always as bright? What was this golden radiance that had fallen around her, dazzling her eyes with its beauty? Only the glamor of love, that had fallen upon thousands of innocent hearts before, and will so fall until human hearts grow cold and beat no more.

There was no monotony now. The bright summer days were not long enough for her dreams. She had to muse over every loving word, every sigh, every admiring look bent upon her. For it had now become a regular rule, after the great heat of the afternoon had passed, for Inez to take her book and read in the orange grove; but the book was rarely opened, for before she had been there long she heard the sound of footsteps, and she knew that he was come.

He sat by her side through the long summer evenings, and he wooed her with grace and skill beyond words. He said nothing to her first about love; he talked to her of the past grandeur and chivalry of Spain; of her gay knights, her brave cavaliers, and her beautiful daughters. He spoke to her of his own Italy, the land of music and song; of the grand old city of Venice, where his race, the Montaltis, had lived and died. They talked of music, of poetry, and of flowers, of all that was fairest and most lovely on earth; but as yet he said nothing of love.

Inez had long since ceased to remember that there was anything wrong in meeting every day a stranger unknown to her friends. She forgot that she had fancied it to be ever so slightly wrong. What harm could there be in it? She was happy now,—life had some interest; before it had been a living death. Each day now brought its accomplished wishes, its happiness, its hopes. The time was gone forever when she dreamed among the trees. The reality had come, and she welcomed it warmly.

But not always was Count Rinaldo willing to sit by her, to look in her beautiful face, and talk of fair cities and grand poems. He was growing impatient to speak of his love. Yet, imprudent as she was, there was something in her child-like innocence that awed him.

Day by day he grew more charmed and fascinated with her beauty, and found that life without her would be dreary, vapid, and unprofitable.

He knew the simple record of her life. He had heard the story from her own lips; and better perhaps than any one could have done did he understand and sympathize with her. He knew that a return to that dreary monotony would be simply unendurable, that she would never willingly again lose sight of one who had given her some interest in living. He laid his plans accordingly.

From her he heard the history of the English father, who had, to use her own language, "given her away," when she was a few weeks old, and had never seen her since. But she did not tell him—for she did not know—that the same father was a rich English "milord."

The Count concluded that Bianca Monteleone had married beneath her, and that the father, unable and unwilling to support his child, had abandoned her. Had he known the truth, this story of Inez Lynne would never have been written.

He was determined to win her; for the first and only time in his life Count Rinaldo was deeply and truly in love. He determined to win her, even if he gave up for that purpose all the most cherished plans and schemes of his life.

One bright evening, when they met as usual among the orange trees, the Count seemed sad and pensive. He seemed to speak with difficulty, as though some great grief burdened his mind. He sighed deeply and his dark eyes wore a dreamy look of sorrow.

"Is anything the matter?" asked Inez, gently. "You do not seem cheerful this evening."

He evaded the question; but in a few minutes she asked it again.

"Tell me, Count," she said, "are you grieving or troubled?"

Then he told her that the deepest sorrow of his life was upon him; his heart was torn, for he found that he must leave this sunny Spain, where he had found his Eden, and return to Venice.

"Leave Spain!" she said, slowly, as though the idea was difficult of realization. "Leave, never to return?"

The color faded from the beautiful young face, the dark, loving eyes grew dim with tears. She could not bear to return to that dreadfully lonely life; she could not bear to be left alone; it was so sweet to be loved and cared for.

He watched her intently as these thoughts rushed through her mind; something in that exquisite downcast face gave him courage.

"It is a bitter grief to me," he continued; "for, Inez you must know how much I have loved you. From the first moment I saw your face you have been the star of my life. Leaving you is as bitter as death, for I cannot live without you."

"Are you obliged to go?" she asked, gently, as he for the first time clasped her hands in his own.

"Obliged? Yes," he replied; "urgent affairs call me there. Need I say that I will let them all go—nay, I would give my very life itself for one word from you, my beloved. Tell me, shall I go or stay?"

He drew her to him, and kissed the beautiful, girlish face that drooped upon his shoulder.

"Tell me," he whispered. "Decide for me. Shall I go or stay?"

The breath of the Summer wind was not more sweet than the voice that murmured "Stay."

Then he told her how dearly he loved her. Surely never did human lips tell a more passionate or beautiful love story than those of Count Rinaldo,—how her face had haunted him in his sleep by night and his thoughts by day; she was always there; dreaming or waking, the sound of her voice never left him; how he would be contented to throw away title and position, all his hopes of future fame, and live only in the sunlight of her eyes.

Such a tale, so eloquently told, while the soft south wind wafted to them rich fragrance, and the golden sun seemed to smile upon them, would have moved a far harder heart than that of Inez Lynne.

All the poetry and romance of her gifted nature were aroused. Who ever listened to a first love story unmoved? Not the beautiful, lonely child who had longed all her life for love. Her heart thrilled with a new and delicious happiness, too vague and dreamy for words.

She sat in silence, while he poured out the story of his love; and when he had told it, the dark, love lit eyes were raised to his face, and a little white hand was laid timidly in his own.

"You will love me, despite all, though we may have to conceal our love and hide it from all human eyes?" said the Count. "You will be true to me, darling, while I live?"

"I promise," she replied; and in after years the words of that betrothal came back to her with stronger force.

"Give me one more promise, Inez," he continued, "assure me that you will tell no one the secret of our love."

Without the least hesitation she pledged her word. Torture and death would never tempt her to break it; and so she took the first step in the thorny path she had to tread.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Duke of Argyll will shortly reach this country on his way to Canada to visit his son, the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of the Dominion. As the Duke has lately suffered a severe family affliction in the death of the Duchess of Argyll and has also been an invalid for some weeks, he has expressed in a letter to a friend a desire to maintain a strict privacy while in the United States.

AMERICANS can send wheat to England and sell it at a profit for less than it costs the English to grow it. This fact and several similar ones mean that there is a change in store for landed proprietors in that country. *Macmillan's Magazine* insists that every owner of land shall become an absolute freeholder, and the game shall be exturpated as vermin.

MANY wealthy Japanese have, for a considerable period, furnished their houses largely in the European style, and have imported furniture from abroad. The Japanese have now decided to make all furniture at home, after imported models, but will still be indebted to foreign countries for the various woods, as well as for carpetings, paperings, and tapestries.

THE German corvette Prince Adalbert, commanded by Captain Maclean, with Prince Henry of Prussia, second son of the Crown Prince, on board, is at present on a voyage from Lima to Japan, where, on arriving about the middle of May, the young sailor will first hear of the death of his brother, Prince Waldemar.

THE stay in the city of Lord Harris and the English cricketers, now *en route* home from Australia, will be much shorter than was expected, arrangements having been made for their departure for England on the Baltic, May 10. They will probably play one game either at Hoboken or at Philadelphia.

AT a petroleum factory in Paris it was noticed that workmen who had bronchial or pulmonary diseases soon lost them. So chemists began to inclose the oil in gelatine capsules and sell them as a popular remedy for colds, asthma and influenza.

SPENT AND MISSPENT.

BY ALICE CARY.

Stay yet a little longer in the sky.
Oh, golden color of the evening sun!
Let not the sweet day in its sweetness die
While my day's work is only just begun.

Counting the happy chances strewn about,
Thick as the leaves, and saying which was best,
The very lights of morning all went out,
And it was burning noon, and time to rest.

Then leaning low upon a piece of shade
Fringed round with violets and pansies sweet,
My heart and I, I said, will be delayed,
And plan our work while cools the sultry heat.

Deep in the hills, and out of silence vast,
A waterfall played up its silver tune.
My plans lost purpose, fell to dreams at last,
And held me late into the afternoon.

But when the idle pleasure ceased to please,
And I awoke, and not a plan was plann'd,
Just as a drowning man at what he sees
Catches for life, I caught the thing at hand.

And so life's little work-day hour has all
Been spent and misspent doing what I could,
And in regrets and efforts to recall
The chance of having, being what I would.

And so sometimes I cannot choose but cry,
Seeing my late-sown flowers are hardly set;
Oh, darkening color of the evening sky
Spare me the day a little longer yet.

Artful Eliza.

BY F. A.

"ELIZA JANE," said old Mrs. Snapdragon, "you are trifling with your prospects."

"Well, how can I help it, grandma?" said Eliza Jane. "He's been coming here regular as clockwork for two years, and won't propose. I can't propose, can I? I know he's uncommon fond of me—I know that. It's only his way of putting everything off as long as he can; but how can I help it if Mr. Potter won't do different?"

"Don't wait for him," said Mrs. Snapdragon. "You're eight-and-twenty, and I saw a gray hair in your head yesterday. And there's Barnaby Blewberry has made a reg'lar offer to your 'pa, and there ain't a man better off in the place. I don't know how much property he owns, and I do know he's got eight thousand pounds in the bank. He told your 'pa so."

"But he's sixty, and a widower, grandma," said Eliza Jane.

"Well, I'm sixty five and a widow," said the old lady.

"Then why didn't he propose to *you*? It would have been more suitable," said Eliza Jane pertly.

"Stuff and nonsense," said the old lady. "But I'll tell you just one thing, Eliza Jane—you'll die an old maid if you go on in this way."

"Maybe I shall," said Eliza Jane. "And I shouldn't wonder but you're right; and I think I'll change my mind. 'Pa can tell old Barnaby I'll have him."

"That's a sensible girl," said old Mrs. Snapdragon.

"Only 'pa must give me just the wedding dress I want," said Eliza Jane. "And I'm not to be bothered on any evening except Sunday; and I shan't fix the day till I'm ready."

All of which old Mrs. Snapdragon and her son agreed to; and Barnaby Blewberry was informed that he might hope to be "the happiest man in the world," and that he might come a courting on Sundays.

Barnaby Blewberry obeyed implicitly, but his Sunday visits made no difference in those of Mr. Potter, who came on Wednesdays, as usual; who sat in the same place, and looked his admiration, as before.

As for Eliza Jane, she was a privileged person, and if Barnaby Blewbery did not object to Mr. Potter, why should anyone else do so?

She would not fix her wedding-day, but that she intended to marry was self evident, for she was very busy preparing her wedding garments. The bills made the old farmer's hair stand on end, as he glanced over them, and caused him to groan as he paid them. But Eliza Jane was very cheerful and very busy. She made all sorts of pretty things for neck, wrists, and head, as she sat talking to Mr. Potter on those Wednesday evenings; and now and then that gentleman, perplexed by the amount of tulle, lace, ribbon, and all the rest of it strewed over the table, would remark, "It looks as if you were going to be very fine some of these days, Miss Eliza."

Whereupon Eliza only replied "that he would see."

As for Blewberry, he felt that Eliza was a little hard upon him when she remarked, "No hugging and no kissing until I marry you."

But he had come to an age when the blood runs cold, and had proposed to Eliza Jane Snapdragon rather because there was no one to look after him since his youngest daughter married, than for any other reason. He thought her handsome and very bright, but he could wait. On the whole, perhaps, Eliza's mandate saved him some trouble. And, meanwhile, the wedding-dress came home, in a large box, and proved to be a miracle of elegance.

"It's splendid!" said grandma; "but who ever heard of anyone having a wedding-dress sent home before the wedding-day was fixed!"

"I like to be original," said Eliza Jane, smiling.

This was Tuesday afternoon. On Wednesday evening Mr. Potter called.

To his inquiry for "Miss Eliza," the servant responded that she'd be down soon; but Mr. Potter waited a long while. He heard movements overhead, hurrying to and fro, shutting of drawers, and finally steps on the stairs. Then the door opened, and there entered a figure in cream-colored silk, trimmed with white lace, a veil upon its head, white gloves upon its hands—a bride in full attire.

It advanced, threw back the veil, and made him a curtsey.

"Why, Miss Eliza!" cried Mr. Potter, in surprise; "why, you—you look very much like a bride!"

"Don't I!" said Eliza. "Well, Mr. Potter, I thought I would let you have a peep at me in my wedding-dress. I am going to be a bride if I'm not one. I've promised to marry Barnaby Blewberry."

"What!" cried Mr. Potter, turning pale; "this is a joke, Eliza Jane. You want to frighten me!"

"Why should it frighten you, Mr. Potter?" asked Eliza Jane, with well-feigned surprise.

"Eliza," he said, "you know I've been a-courting you two years."

"But you've never said a word," said Eliza.

"I was going to speak this very night. I was, indeed, Eliza," sighed Mr. Potter. "Oh, this is dreadful!"

"Did you really care so much for me?" asked Eliza Jane.

"I love you better than my life!" said Mr. Potter. "I do! Oh, Eliza, this is horrid! It will be the death of me, I know it will—it's awful! And Blewberry, too. It's a shame, Eliza! He's a great deal too old for you!"

"Yes, he is old," said Eliza; "but 'pa and grandma were set on it. And you didn't speak. How was I to know—"

"Would you have me if I had?" asked Mr. Potter.

"Perhaps I might!" said Eliza Jane.

"Oh! I won't put up with it!" cried Mr. Potter. "Have me now; Eliza! Blow Barnaby Blewberry!"

"Well, I'll think it over," said Eliza.

"No; say yes; promise to marry me this day month," pleaded Mr. Potter.

"Well," said Eliza, "the wedding-dress will do as well for one as for the other; and I don't know but what I will."

"My wedding day is fixed grandma," said she, as Mr. Potter closed the door that evening. "I'm to be married this day month."

"I'm glad to hear it," said grandma.

"To Mr. Potter," added Eliza Jane. Vain was all the scolding and storming, vain Barnaby Blewberry's reproaches. And she laughed herself almost into fits when he told her that she was sly and artful, and ought to be ashamed of herself.

A BRISTOL clergyman just before service time marches through the streets dressed in a white surplice and ecclesiastical hat. In one hand he carries a book marked with a large red cross and in the other a bell, which he rings as he walks. He continually cries, "Come to church," and has with him a boy carrying a lantern. Result a large attendance at his church.

A restaurateur at Berlin has devised an ingenious plan for keeping his place free from beggars, street nuisances, dead beats and other undesirable customers—he just puts a policeman's hat on a table near the door, and when the undesirable customer looks in it meets his fascinated gaze and he closes the door gently and departs, holding his breath.

THE Rev. Dr. Gridley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Waterloo, N. Y., and his wife celebrated their golden wedding last Tuesday. During his thirty-seven years' pastorate of that church he has baptised 500 children, taken 1,000 into the church, married 700 couples and officiated at 1,700 funerals.

PROFESSOR George Jackson, a white teacher in the Gaines High School, of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently married Miss Virginia Gordon, only daughter of the wealthiest colored man in the West. Jackson is a very intelligent young man of thirty, and Miss Virginia's father is worth $100,000.

Of President Taylor it is said that he dressed plainly and liked retirement. His son, the late Richard Taylor, was, on the contrary, fond of dress and public life.

A seven-years' convict of the Massachusetts State Prison was drawn to serve as a juror in the Superior Court, Boston, recently.

The Old Blue Dress.

BY A. O. G.

"CAN nothing be done, Clara?" Alice looked at me with anxiety in her lovely face, while I viewed, distractedly, the heterogeneous collection of used-up clothes before me. "It's dreadful to be poor," sighed my sister, seeing no encouragement in my face, and gathering none by my silence; "poor, and respectable enough to be invited to nice places by nice people."

We lived in a town where were many aristocratic families, some living there, having their houses there, more only staying during the summer.

Our father, before his death, had become so involved, he had mortgaged his home—the grand old home which had been in the family for generations, and with all the failing fortunes been held sacred; and, at his death, Alice and I found ourselves banished from the house we loved so well, possessors only of a small annuity, and a cottage left us by our mother; there we lived with two servants, who had refused to leave us under any consideration, and a distant relative of our mother's, who was glad to play propriety for us for the sake of the home; and it was a very pleasant home, though so different from our old one.

It is there you find us that bright day, discussing the probability of getting something to wear to Mrs. Cheriton's party.

I viewed with redoubled interest the mass before me—which represented the most available things left for dresses for the ball—an old blue silk, torn and soiled by many wearings; an old pink silk, ditto; a pile of frayed, white tarletan; a white organdie waist and skirt, pretty far gone on the road to destruction; a black net dress, limp and rusty.

I groaned in spirit, and in truth also, at which Alice's face sank to the zero of despair.

If they were only muslins, I lamented, I could wash them. But stop; I thought, couldn't I wash the silk. It surely would make it no worse, and there was a probability of success. And truly soap and water, in that as in most other cases, worked charmingly, and while engaged in the cleansing, I was seized with further inspiration; the organdie followed the silk, and the net was put through the stiffening and cleansing process used for old lace, and then, with joy and thanksgiving, with the confidence of Alice more than restored, and her admiration increased, I went to work.

"Alice," said I, "how do I look?" Two weeks had passed, and we were dressing for the party.

"Lovely!" said Alice, with rather too flattering an emphasis.

Alice, with her brown hair and eyes, her clear, dark complexion, was elegant with the pink silk, which looked fresh and new—made up with pleatings and puffs of silk and fresh laundried organdie.

Mine was the blue, which, with many piecings, had been transformed into a plain princess—high in the neck and short in the sleeves, decorated round the bottom with a black lace flounce (relic of past grandeur), with an overdress of black net.

"I am sure," said Alice, giving a satisfied look over her shoulder, as she went out of the room, "no one would suspect they were once that dirty pile of rags!"

Later in the evening she came to me with her face glowing with delight.

"What do you think?" she said. "I heard Mrs. Grigby say to Claudine Bray, 'I don't see how the Nilcourt girls manage to dress so well;'—and Claudine—spiteful old thing—said, 'I think they ought to be ashamed to; everybody knows they can't afford it.' And then that grand looking Mr. Auberton came over to them, and it wasn't two minutes before he spied you in that corner, and I think we were fully avenged when he asked Miss Bray who the young lady with the piquant face and red roses in her hair was. When she told him, he asked if you were one of the family who had owned 'Nilcourt,' and said he was very much interested in the grand old place——"

Here my voluble sister was checked in her account by the appearance of our hostess on the arm of the Mr. Auberton mentioned, whom she presented to us.

Mr. Auberton was a grave, handsome man, of, I judged, about thirty; he engaged me in conversation on general topics, and soon brought up Nilcourt; whereupon, with characteristic recklessness, I talked, forgetting everything but my subject.

I told him how Alice and I went every way, not to pass it; and never looked towards it, unless we were obliged to, because we loved it so, and were so glad no one had taken it; that we were sure we could not live and know there were strangers there; and rattled on in my impulsive way, till I thought and stopped, appalled at the way I was talking to, and the things I was telling, "that man;" I, monopolizing the "lion" of the evening! I went home feeling very ridiculous; convinced that, notwithstanding he looked very sympathetic, he was shocked at such a confiding creature, and sternly checked Alice's remarks upon his evident interest.

Some days after, Mr. Auberton called with Mrs. Cheriton, and was so nice I concluded he could not have been so very much shocked after all; and in the weeks following he came frequently, and we met him at numberless places.

We had heard that Nilcourt was sold. Mr. Auberton had told me the evening before, and ever after Alice and I were to have no more claim upon it than other outsiders; but my thoughts drifted from that to Noel Auberton, who in the last few weeks had been more the subject of my thoughts than was exactly proper.

He puzzled and interested me in spite of myself, and I lay thinking over certain words of his spoken the night before, and the look he gave me when I, possessed by a spirit of perversity, replied indifferently. I was wondering what it meant. Just then Alice came in, saying the object of my thoughts was in the parlor.

"Miss Clara," said Noel Auberton, after we had chatted a few moments, "I am going away to-morrow."

I made no reply—I didn't consider it imperatively necessary; if it had been, I was so faint I couldn't have managed it.

But Mr. Auberton hardly noticed my silence. He said, "I want to ask a favor of you; will you grant it?"

"I don't know," said I, still feeling dizzy. "What is it?"

"Will you—don't think me unfeeling or unsympathetic—but won't you go down to Nilcourt with me? I thought it would do you good if you could overcome your repugnance to visit it."

And I, feeling too weak to argue, or resist anything, consented.

How my heart beat as we walked up the dear old oak avenue, and went up the broad steps into the familiar paved hall!

Silently we went through the rooms—in many of which familiar pieces of furniture yet remained—until we reached the picture-gallery on the second floor. To my surprise it was supplied with new paintings and lounging chairs of crimson velvet.

"Why, what does this mean?" I inquired.

"Did you not know," said Mr. Auberton, "that the purchaser, hoping to live here, is making it ready for occupancy?"

That was too much; the last straw on our stack of troubles. That broke me down; it crushed me to the very floor with its overwhelming weight, notwithstanding the fact that I was with the elegant, dignified Mr. Auberton.

Down I went on the floor, with my face in my lap, and rocked, and cried, and stormed. I had restrained myself so long I could not help it.

Noel Auberton—"poor, helpless man"—came and put his hand on my shoulder; what he intended to do or say, I don't know; I pushed his hand away and said, "Oh, leave me alone one minute! It's too much—it's too bad! Oh, why should I have nothing but trouble? I could bear a few things, but this is everything—our dear old home, that no one can love and appreciate as we do, it's gone; everything I care for is going; our old friends; and you——"

I stopped there, crying and all, frozen with horror. What had I said? Oh, I never did think till the minute after!

And then Noel Auberton lifted me off the floor and put me down in the window seat, where I sat in a perfectly collapsed condition, my face still in my lap, my sobbing reduced to a subdued snuffle, my whole self overcome with shame.

"Poor little girl!" he said, and I was surprised at the gentle, yes, loving tone, in "that man's" voice; "it is hard—too hard!" and a gentle hand softly smoothed my hair. "Clara, will you look up?"

I managed to sit up, very much afraid he had been forced into it by impulsiveness.

"I am sure," I commenced, with my eyes fixed on my hands, "I think I have said too much already; I am sure I didn't mean to tell——"

"No; you never mean to tell," he said, "but you always do. You can't help it." Then he put his hand under my chin, and turned my reluctant face towards him. "Clara, look here."

I raised my eyes, and then he gathered me close in his arms, and I knew it wasn't because of what I had said.

"You always do tell," he said laughing; "if you don't forget and say it, your eyes betray you."

And I was hysterically happy, and very ridiculous, as was my wont, and cried and laughed, and went home beaming.

Alice affirms that it was difficult to tell which beamed brightest, my eyes or my nose.

And we were not obliged to give up Nilcourt, for Noel was the purchaser, and I treasure carefully an old blue silk ball-dress, pieced and worn, though I am no longer under the necessity of keeping up appearances.

A hunchback and cripple in Dublin lately cut the throat of a sister dependent on him, because he was afraid she would fall into poverty and degradation if he would die.

Texas papers represent that the drive of cattle for Northern markets this spring will be very large.

LIFE.

BY H. WOLFF.

One long-continued battle-strife
Our life on earth,
With hopes and fears, and yearnings rife,
Dull sense its worth.

The flood of Life doth wildly stream
O'er rocks of stone;
We rave of Love, of Friendship dream—
And stand alone!

Oft in our cup with anguish filled
No comfort blends;
And, with our longing unfulfilled,
The journey ends.

We love where hate were meet, and chase
What we should spurn,
And, when with rapture we embrace,
Meet no return.

Misunderstood, despised, bereaved
Of rest and peace,
The beating heart, too long deceived,
At length doth cease.

The rapturous visions of the soul
Take flight again—
Naught constant, when achieved the goal,
But grief and pain.

House Cleaning.

BY M. R.

"DO put away your sewing, Ellen! Such close application will bring on one of your headaches," said Mr. Morgan, as he entered the little parlor where his wife sat bending low over her needlework.

"I must stitch as long as I can see, husband, for next week I begin house cleaning, and then I shall have no time to touch a needle," replied Mrs. Morgan, without looking up or heeding the persevering attempts of her youngest child to gain her attention.

"I wish house cleaning was abolished; it is a nuisance!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a slightly impatient voice. "Omit house cleaning altogether."

"Omit it altogether! What can you be thinking of, Mr. Morgan? I don't imagine you like a dirty home any better than I do."

"I'm rather partial to cleanliness, I allow. But if that proposal don't suit, I'll suggest another; hire one or two able bodied women to come in and assist you."

"Hinder me, you mean! Why, I should have every inch of paint to clean over after them, provided they left any on, which isn't often the case. But as to hiring, we can't afford it, and so there's an end of the matter."

"But I'll promise before hand to find no fault with the bills; surely, that is reasonable."

"I can't think of it, husband—a dollar a day and board! I should dream of the useless expense for the next three months," persisted Mrs. Morgan, who was one of those wise individuals who never venture a penny to gain a pound.

"But your health, my dear!" ventured Mr. Morgan.

"O, that won't suffer any more than it would by running after a couple of lazy women all the time. Let me have my own way in the matter, and then the work will be done to my mind. It isn't everybody, Mr. Morgan, that knows how to clean paint. Some folks will slop the water over a whole room while I'm rubbing a single board; others use coarse sand, which makes the paint look very much like a nutmeg grater; and I've even known people to take—"

"There's no remedy, then, little Nellie," interrupted Mr. Morgan, who was not in the humor of hearing a long dissertation on his wife's favorite employment; for, however unromantic it may seem, she had a great partiality for scrubbing. "There's no remedy, my dear," he continued, lifting the child upon his lap, "we shall have to submit to our fate with the best grace we can; but the neglect you will have to put up with, and the cold dinners I shall have to eat are sure and certain."

The gentleman saw that his wife could not be induced to change her resolve, and he reluctantly dropped the subject, regretting that he could not convince her that she subjected herself to needless labor and trouble. As he had intimated, Mr. Morgan considered the yearly house cleaning the bane of his married life. Once in every twelve months his dwelling was turned topsy-turvy, and made almost uninhabitable for a week or more. He never enjoyed a quiet moment within doors during these periodical visitations, for there were always plenty of odd jobs for him to attend to—such as putting the children to bed, holding the baby, making the fires, tending doorbell, and occasionally waiting on his wife, who considered a plentiful use of soap-suds paramount to everything else.

Mr. Morgan's income was not large, and his wife managed to do her own work, although, having three children, the family duties were by no means light; but she was an ambitious, industrious little woman, accomplishing more than many persons who kept help. Her worthy husband had no fault to find, except in the matter of house cleaning, which she obstinately persisted in doing alone, even if she made herself ill, and the whole family uncomfortable in consequence.

Well, the important Monday morning arrived. Mrs. Morgan was up betimes, "for there was nothing," she remarked, "like getting a fair start." An early breakfast was prepared, which Mr. Morgan sat down to with very little appetite; but he looked resigned, and sipped his coffee with apparent zest. The children were waked an hour earlier than usual, and reluctantly came down stairs, looking sleepy and cross. But the mother made no allowance for their lack of interest in house cleaning, and after giving them their bread and butter, dressed them for school immediately, that she might gain time for the great undertaking before her; then repeatedly charging them to keep still and keep their clothes clean, she sat down a minute to determine what next to do.

Mrs. Morgan's reflections were interrupted by her husband's asking what he should send home from the market.

"Dinner!—O, yes; well, a codfish I guess for that's the easiest cooked of anything I know of," she replied.

Mr. Morgan sighed, for codfish was a luxury he could not appreciate; the odor of it when cooking somehow didn't possess him in its favor. But knowing that an expression of this sentiment would not mend the matter, he wisely said nothing, resolving to fortify his stomach by a generous lunch at an eating-house.

As soon as the street door closed after him Mrs. Morgan with a pail of water and the necessary accompaniments, made her way up two pair of stairs.

She had scarcely commenced operations in good earnest, however, when she happened to think that the children, Johnny and Alice, were too still not to be in mischief; so hastily wiping her hands, she descended the stairs to look after them. Not finding them in the parlor or kitchen, Mrs. Morgan looked out of the window and saw the missing juveniles playing in a muddy pool of water, which they had succeeded in spattering plentifully over their clean clothes. Mrs. Morgan felt like chastising them both severely; but, restraining this feeling, marched them into the house, and spent another half hour in putting them into a presentable condition, when they were despatched to school.

With zeal somewhat cooled, she returned to her task, and was really progressing considerably, when Nellie gave ample evidence from the chamber below—where she had been left asleep—that she wished to be attended to forthwith. Mrs. Morgan sighed and again left work. It was an unpropitious beginning, but she was not one to be easily discouraged by adverse circumstances.

She had scarcely placed her in the crib, when she heard the grocer at the door, and the clock telling the hour of twelve. It was now time to get her simple dinner.

Mrs. Morgan cooked her fish, put it on a plate, and as her husband had not made his appearance, she thought she would run up stairs and improve the few minutes she might have before his return. She had scrubbed but a short time, when she heard his well-known step in the hall. When she reached the kitchen, the fish which she had left on the stove-hearth had mysteriously vanished. Looking from an open window, she discovered a large cat triumphantly dragging away the missing dinner.

Mr. Morgan laughed at the flagitious theft, for, to be frank, he didn't feel as though he had been much of a sufferer by the loss.

The family having dined off bread and butter, Mr. Morgan went whistling away, leaving the children in a less happy disposition; for like other little folks, they were fond of good dinners.

That afternoon Johnny and Alice were kept at home to look after the baby, and our house cleaner, with raised hopes, again tried the virtues of soap and water.

Just as her efforts were being crowned with success, a series of bumps on the stairs admonished her that somebody was descending in an unnatural manner. She screamed, and ran into the hall just in time to see Johnny effect a landing, having fallen from the top to the bottom, in consequence of treading upon a piece of soap which she had carelessly left in his way. The poor boy was considerably bruised, having performed all kinds of evolutions in his downward course. It was now the duty of our heroine to apply cold water to his bleeding nose, and a bandage to his bruised forehead.

The train of trials thus set in motion did not relax its speed. As soon as Johnny had ceased crying, Alice came rushing down with the somewhat alarming information "that the baby had got an apple core in its throat." Mrs. Morgan flew to the rescue, and found her youngest born kicking on the floor, black in the face through strangulation. The ill-starred baby was destined to undergo a violent shaking and pounding before the alarmed parent had the satisfaction of removing the impediment. The frightened and fretful child would not allow her mother to leave her again, and in her anxiety for the sufferer, she forgot housecleaning until it was too late to resume it.

Mr. Morgan looked suspiciously at Johnny's swollen head, Nellie's red eyes, his wife's not very interesting dishabille, and the confused state of things generally; but whatever might have been his reflections, he did not express them vocally. In the morning after a hurried and unpalatable breakfast, he was glad to leave the scene of operations.

When she got back to her cleaning, the door bell rang, and Mrs. Starch, one of her most aristocratic neighbors, presented herself. Now, our lady was in such a plight, that this "caller" was the last person she wished to see, and she conducted her to the parlor, blushing with mortification, and pouring forth numberless apologies. Happily, she did not stay long; but being a talkative individual, Mrs. Morgan felt assured she would repeat what she had seen, with a few exaggerations of her own, by way of embellishment.

That day Mrs. Morgan made but little progress; everything went wrong, and she began to regret that she had not taken her husband's advice. Accidents, trifling in themselves, but still annoying, kept continually occurring to interrupt her operations. The children whom she had kept from school proved hindrances rather than helps, requiring as much watching as the little one.

To add to her afflictions, the ensuing night the latter gave indications of an attack of croup, which by morning became confirmed—resulting unquestionably from her exposure to the air and cold rooms. In addition to this misfortune, some friends from the country came to stay a week, while the spare chamber was in a sorry condition, the carpet being up, and the curtains down.

What now was to be done? Nellie could not be neglected, for the doctor said she must have the most careful nursing and attention. As a consequence, house cleaning had to be postponed, and Mrs. Morgan at length was forced to yield to her husband's wish to procure competent help, feeling pretty well convinced that his policy was the wisest. As if to demonstrate yet more plainly her want of foresight, she was herself taken ill in consequence of her exertions, and it was with difficulty she could attend to the wants of her little patient. As the latter grew better, she became worse, and was not able to leave her room for a fortnight, requiring the advice of a physician.

Now, it is easy for the reader to perceive that the annoyances and evils which have been enumerated, grew out of the want of calculation and foresight on the part of Mrs. Morgan. To save a few dollars, she had undertaken a labor to which her strength was not commensurate, and which she in reality had no time to attend to; while there were very many poor women depending on such employments for subsistence, and who would have been grateful for the job, besides being far more competent to do the work quickly and well. It is obvious that in making a misdirected effort to save money she had incurred expenses of more than thrice the amount, besides suffering so much in body and mind.

At the recurrence of the yearly house cleaning, Mr. Morgan was not troubled again by seeing his wife toiling and fretting over a task which she could not accomplish without neglecting other imperative duties.

RULES FOR HOME GOVERNMENT.—From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean what you say. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it's done. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish them in anger. Never let them see that they vex you or make you lose your self command. If they give way to petulence or ill temper, wait until they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed. Never give your children anything because they cry for it. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good, is to be good. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth. Never allow of tale-bearing. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence or an angry or resentful spirit.

William III, Queen Anne, the four Georges, the Duke of Kent, the Prince Consort, and the Princess Alice all died on Saturdays.

No German Emperor has hitherto lived as long as the present sovereign. Next to him comes Frederick III., who died in 1493, aged 78.

Enormous horseshoes of "Jacque" and Marshall O'Neil roses are used in place of the marriage bell.

Scientific and Useful.

THE ANT NUISANCE.—A mixture in equal parts of calomel and powdered white sugar will be found a speedy remedy for the ant nuisance.

LEATHER BELTS.—Leather belts used with the grain side to the pulley will never crack, as the strain in it is thrown on the flesh side, which is not liable to crack or break, the grain not being strained any more than other portions of the belt.

CEMENT FOR UNITING METAL TO GLASS.—Take 1 lb. pound of shellac dissolved in a pint of strong methylated spirit, to which is to be added 0 05 part of solution of India rubber in carbon bisulphide: or take 2 ounces of a thick solution of glue, and mix with 1 ounce of linseed oil varnish, or 3 4ths of an ounce of Venice turpentine; boil together, and agitate. The pieces cemented should be fastened for 50 or 60 hours to get fixed.

SUNSHINE FOR INVALIDS.—The influence of a "Sun bath" to restore health is very powerful. Sunlight acts on man and animals as it does on plants. The city invalid who is recommended by his physician to go into the country for a change, is frequently restored more by the sun than anything else. Fresh air is undoubtedly good, but if breathed without being blended with beams of light it loses half its virtues. An invalid should never occupy any room that the sun does not shine upon.

OAK AND EBONY.—Oak may be dyed so as to resemble ebony by soaking it for forty-eight hours in a hot saturated solution of alum and then painting it with a decoction of one part Campeachy wood in eleven parts water. This decoction should be first filtered and slowly boiled down to one-half its volume, when ten to fifteen drops of neutral indigo tincture should be added to every quart. After the application of this solution the wood should be rubbed with a saturated solution of verdigris in acetic acid. The operation is to be repeated till the desired tint is obtained.

EARLY CIVILIZATION.—The evidence is steadily cumulative that the influence of the civilization of Asia upon America and Polynesia was very considerable long before Europeans visited these latter regions. The game of draughts played in the Sandwich Islands is much more closely related to the ancient game which is practiced in Egypt at the present day than to the modern game with which we are best acquainted. Kite-flying was well understood in the South Sea Islands, at least as soon as it was known in the west of Europe, and it must have been communicated to the natives with other forms of amusement from Eastern Asia.

COMPRESSED AIR.—The advantages of compressed air over steam in mines are that it assists rather than injures the ventilation, keeps the air cool, and avoids the injurious effect which steam exerts on timber and on certain kinds of rocks. In cities compressed air will not frighten horses so much as the puffing of a steam engine, but it is not pretended that it will be less expensive; it would avoid the labor of firing and the annoyance of ashes and coal gas, that are the most disagreeable features of the steam cars on elevated roads. As a substitute for horse motive power in cities, it seems probable compressed air may be the most convenient agent, with reservoirs for the compressed air located at intervals throughout the city, and engines attached for compressing the air.

Farm and Garden.

OLEANDER BUGS.—To destroy the little bugs on the oleander, take a piece of lime the size of a hen's egg, and dissolve it in about two quarts of water. Wash the stock and branches of the tree with this water.

VERMIN ON CATTLE.—An immediate and effective remedy for vermin on cows and other cattle, also for ticks on pigs, is to wash the affected parts with potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled. One application is generally sufficient.

FARM NOTES.—Half a pint of lard, melted in a pint of new milk, given warm, will remove costiveness. For rulers or sores, boil smart-weed in chamber-lye, add a little soft soap, and wash twice a day. Coal ashes do well as a fertilizer for tomatoes. Make your ground half soil and half coal ashes, and the results will be surprising.

USE FOR BONES.—Every family finds more or less bones accumulating. Burn them with your wood, and the ashes thus enriched is one of the most valuable of all fertilizers. Money cannot buy any article which will so fertilize your soil. Bones thus consumed will quadruple the value of wood ashes, which in themselves are among the best of soil enrichers.

SHADE TREES.—Shade trees are often planted too near to dwellings, and too thickly so as to make the house dark, damp and cheerless. Large evergreens are very much out of place on the sunny side of a house, while they form an appropriate screen and wind break along the cold and exposed sides of our buildings. Set out trees—it is a duty, but set them out judiciously.

WHITE WORMS.—The white worms which infest occasionally all soils where plants are kept in pots, may be removed as follows: Sprinkle lime water over the soil, or sprinkle a little slacked lime on the earth and in the saucer of the pot. Lime water may be easily made by slacking a large piece of lime in a pail of cold water, letting this settle and then bottling the clear water for use. Give each a tablespoonful twice a week.

FERTILITY OF MANURE.—Fresh manure produces but little effect when applied to crops, but when it is well rotted it then contains much valuable soluble matter, absorbable by plants. In fresh manure the most important constituent of its soluble portion is potash, and it contains but small proportions of ammonia and phosphoric acid. Rotten manure on the contrary, yields to the solvent action of water large amounts of nitrogen and phosphoric acid.

THE ORCHARD.—The top of a fruit tree, to secure the best results in color and flavor of the fruit, should be kept open to the admission of air and sunlight. If some branches grow too fast for the harmonious balance of the trees, pinch out the buds at the end, and thus force the growth into the other branches that are not so thrifty. Five years of cultivation and watchful pruning, and you will never have occasion to remove large branches. It is a terrible loss to a tree to allow branches to attain a large size only to be slaughtered.

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SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 10 1879.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

THE two things which conduce most to health and happiness, are labor and abstinence. Spartan severities are not recommended, for they would not be conducive either to health or happiness, but that degree of labor which is not oppressive, and that quantity of food which suffices to support nature without loading the stomach. But labor and abstinence are two things which mankind take most pains to avoid. Yet what can exercise a more healthy influence both upon the mind and body than these? And not only should a man be temperate in food, but moderate in all things. Moderation of disposition teaches us to restrain all the evil workings of the mind—to repress jealousies, envy, anger, malice, hatred, revenge, and all those baneful passions which have ruined the health and peace of thousands. It directs us, too, to cultivate all the benevolent feelings of our nature, to moderate our desires—and, above all, to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. By this means we shall insure peace and tranquility, which are absolutely requisite to the full enjoyment of all the faculties of the mind, and that thorough performance of all the animal functions of the body without any impediment, pain, or molestation. The mind thus disengaged from tumultuous passions, and the body free from disorders, render existence a happiness to us, and life an object to desire, while the loss of these blessings implies the loss of everything pleasant and delectable. "To enjoy good health," said St. Evremond, a celebrated French philosopher, "is better than to command the whole world. Health is the fountain of every blessing; for without this we could not relish the most exquisite pleasures, or enjoy the most desirable objects." Without health we can neither be happy in ourselves, nor useful—at least, in any considerable degree—to our friends, or to society. Much, undoubtedly, depends on original vigor of constitution; but, by a judicious attention to various particulars, health may in many cases be preserved, where it would otherwise be lost.

EVERY part of life, if rightly taken, should be a stepping stone for higher endeavor, of one kind if another be impossible. We can always remember what we cannot recall; and where we have fallen below we can resolve to rise yet higher, so that this temporary lapse may be forgotten. If we cannot—if we have created too great a ruin ever to build up again, and must henceforth be content with disgrace and disaster—then have we always the future perfect purification by perfect penitence to look to, and the time when all this shall be at an end; and the poor tired slave, bound to the dead body of his own mistakes, may lie down to rest undisturbed by the waking bell calling him to the day's weary toil.

THERE is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body which does not feel some wavelet from the convulsions occasioned by good hearty laughter. The life principle or the central man, is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge therein. The blood moves more rapidly, and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying as it does new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

SANCTUM CHAT.

AMONG the most extraordinary of the tyrannical regulations of the Russian police is one which strictly forbids any one to touch a dead or dying man without the direct sanction of the police. In consequence of this arbitrary enactment it is no uncommon thing to see a man lying bleeding and helpless from a severe fall in the streets of Moscow or St. Petersburg without any one daring to assist him.

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How little we know how people live in this world, even in the midst of civilized surroundings, is exemplified by the discovery in the back room of the first floor of a London house, of a man, two children, and twelve fowls. In an adjoining room were one hundred and twenty-seven fowls. The sanitary officer served a compulsory order on the man for the removal of the "birds." It took four persons an hour and a half to do it. In another house on the same street three hundred fowls were found, the atmosphere of the rooms and passages being stifling.

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LORD LYTTON, the Viceroy of India, seems to have deviated from governmental usages and proprieties in more respects than one. He has, for instance, presented Miss Victoria Cooke, a circus rider of Calcutta, with a gold medal inscribed, "To the Empress of the Arena." When the scandal became known in England, local newspapers tried to persuade the public that the inscription had been put on the medal without the Viceroy's knowledge, and that it had been erased at His Excellency's command; but public opinion in Great Britain does not seem to be satisfied with this explanation.

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DRUNKENNESS in Sweden and Norway is cured in the following manner: The drunkard is put in prison, and his only nourishment is bread soaked in wine. During the first day the prisoner receives the bread and wine with much pleasure. On the second day the food is not so acceptable. After that he takes his food with great repugnance. In general, eight or ten days of this treatment suffices to produce such a disgust of liquor that the unhappy man is compelled to absolute abstinence. After leaving prison his drunkenness is radically cured, with an occasional exception, and the odor of liquor produces an invincible revulsion.

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AN unusually warm summer is predicted by Professor Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer royal for Scotland. He bases his predictions on the records of the temperature at Edinburgh as registered during the last forty years by the earth thermometers at the observatory of that city. These observations show, he says, that a great heat wave comes upon the earth from without, presumably from the sun, about every eleven years; and it appears that the next heat wave of this sort may be expected in the summer and autumn of this year. Professor Smyth thinks these seasons are likely to be glowingly hot, and the following winter unexceptionably mild.

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RUSSIAN princes seem to be a very peculiar kind of people. Not long ago Prince Yusupoff, one of the richest men of the country, was first fined, and then sentenced to three months' imprisonment on account of the fearful amount of dirt of the most disgusting kind which he had allowed to accumulate in his palace, and which poisoned the atmosphere of the whole neighborhood. Now, the last St. Petersburg papers announce that Prince Sergil Michaelowitz Galizyn died in Odessa, March 1, of starvation. He lived in a dark, damp room in a basement so small that there was not room for the coffin, and for several months he had had nothing to eat but bread and a little fruit. Meanwhile his mother lives in the grandest style in Moscow. She has erected several chapels, founded several nunneries and monasteries, and is now spending what most people would consider a handsome little fortune to have masses read for the soul of her son.

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FORESTS preserve fertility; their removal or destruction makes deserts. Our desolated fields become dry, arid and verdureless; the rain that falls upon them is quickly evaporated, and there is no reservoir or moisture in the woods near by. A distinguished writer has shown how the great African desert could be made fertile. He would begin by planting trees upon the fertile edge; these, by the gathering of moisture and the shedding of their foliage, would widen the border of fertility, when he would plant again and again until the whole waste should be turned into a blooming forest. It would be a work of centuries, but that it is practicable will hardly be denied. Our farmers have no Saharas to cover, but almost every one of them has fields that need the rest and recuperation that a half century under forest growth would give, and other fields that would be benefited by even the smallest bit of forest near at hand.

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SINCE the Turkish authorities removed, ten years ago, the restrictions which limited the Jewish population of Jerusalem, the Jews have bought up all the land they could in the ancient city, and have built outside the walls in some cases entire streets of houses. Synagogues and Jewish hospitals have multiplied, and the German Jews have no fewer than sixteen charity institutions and twenty eight "congregations religeuses." Two newspapers have been started. In the Rothschild and other hospitals, 6 000 patients are cared for annually. Baron Rothschild holds a mortgage on the whole of Palestine as security for his loan of 200 000 000 francs to the Turkish Government. It is said that the value of the land at the gates of the city has increased more than tenfold while building and construction work of all kinds is carried on night and day. It is further reported that the immigrants, who to a large extent are from Russia, "are animated by a religious enthusiasm of a very pronounced type."

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A SHANGHAI paper publishes an account of the cruel treatment to which the coolies are subjected who are employed on the Dutch Islands in the Straits to clear land and plant tobacco. Every man on his arrival is tattooed on the cheek. Once arrived, they are never released. No letters are allowed to be transmitted. If any one tenders his ransom, it is not accepted. When sick, they have no attendance. For dress they have only cocoanut bark, for food one pound of rice in the husk and three cents cash to buy salt fish daily. When a man dies, his body is cut in four, and is buried under a banana tree to manure it. On account of the heat and unhealthiness of the climate, nearly half die the first year. Many are killed by the cruelty of overseers, and some are driven to suicide. The total number of cases of death since the trade was begun is more than 10 000. No one has ever been known to escape.

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THE effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations and moral and intellectual manifestations are obtunded. All the bad effects of inaction become developed. The functions are exerted with less energy, the digestion is torpid, the exertions are diminished, while, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted when sleep is too prolonged, or too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed—i. e., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over-indulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until eight or nine in the morning, the last two hours, at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep where the hour for retiring is eight or nine p. m., but are spent in dozing, and, in fact, such excess cannot fail to insure the harmful results described. What is called laziness among children, is in very many cases disease, and is largely due to this as well as the other causes mentioned that undermine the foundations of health.

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FOR years no one had supposed that a lump of soft coal, dug from its mine or bed in the earth, possessed any other purpose than that of fuel. It was next found that it would afford a gas which was combustible. Chemical analysis proved it to be made of hydrogen. In process of time mechanical and chemical ingenuity devised a mode of manufacturing this gas and applying it to the lighting of buildings and cities on a large scale. In doing this, other products of distillation were developed until step by step, the following ingredients are extracted from it: An excellent oil to supply lighthouses, equal to the best sperm oil, at lower cost. Benzole—A light sort of ethereal fluid, which evaporates easily, and combined with vapor or moist air, is used for the purpose of portable gas lamps, so called. Naphtha—A heavy fluid, used to dissolve gutta percha and india rubber; an excellent oil for lubricating purposes. Asphaltum—Which is a black, solid substance, used in making varnishes, covering roofs, and covering over vaults. Paraffine—A white crystaline substance resembling candles; it melts at a temperature of 110 degrees, and affords an excellent light. All these substances are now made from soft coal.

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PROFESSOR CHARCOT has unexpectedly brought us back to the days of animal magnetism. He has effected some curious experiments on hystero-epileptic patients in a hospital in Paris, producing catalepsy and somnambulism at will. The subject, placed for a few seconds, or minutes, before the full blaze of a Drummond, or an electric light, becomes fascinated. The anæsthetic state is complete, for he can be pinched, etc., without exhibiting pain. The members display no rigidity, and preserve whatever attitude is given them. The patient has become cataleptic. In vain you speak or question him; but the features reflect the gesture. Place him in a tragic posture, the physiognomy becomes severe, and the eyebrows contract. Bring the hands together as in prayer, the visage softens, and the features become supplicating. Cut off the light, the patient drops into a somnambulistic or lethargic state. He falls backward, the eyelids close, and if the skin be now rubbed, the parts will contract as if under the influence of electricity; touching thus certain nerves, the muscles of the face contort, and the head itself can be made to turn. Here is the somnambulism. Call the patient; he will rise up and walk to you. Tell him to kneel, and he will kneel; to write, and he will write; to sew, and he will do so, mechanically, like a slave, the eyes being closed. Sometimes the answers are more intelligible than when the patient is wide awake, so much is the intelligence excited. Blow your breath strongly in his face, and the subject instantly awakens, after a slight throat spasm and some froth on the lips, but utterly ignorant of what has occurred. The experiment can be repeated as will. But the magnet plays an important part during the stage of insensibility; the patient loses all sense of color, or the colors of all objects become gray; violet first disappears, then green, next blue, and last red. Double up the right arm; it will rest so. Bring the magnet to act on the left arm; in a short time the right arm will regain its suppleness, and the left arm take the same contracted form. Music—strong bell ringing—can produce the anæsthetic condition as well as the lights referred to; hence, the action of sound is identical with that of light. Steadily looking into the eyes will also produce the lethargic state. But this is treading after Mesmer.

VÆ VICTIS!

BY MIRIAM BEATRICE DEAN.

Ah, gracious, tender God!
Have I not tried to be both brave and strong,
E'en when the way I trod
Seemed desolate and long—so sadly long?

When tired, aching feet,
Bared to the touch of cruel rocks, bled fast;
When every heart beat
Stabbed through me with some memory of the Past;

When darkness on me fell;
When Love lay dead, and fickle Hope was not;
When all the pangs of Hell
Seemed focussed, in my soul, to one white spot—

Through all, have I denied
Thy right to take from me all warmth, all sun?
Through all, have I not cried:
"My father, let thy hardest will be done?"

But now I can no more;
Oh, bark! so tossed by every bitter breath,
Drift idly out from shore,
And touch the cool, dark, waveless sea of Death!

Beneath the Sea.

BY GEO. MANVILLE FENN.

CHAPTER LII.

SAM OAKUM'S NARRATIVE.

THE morning came, bright as ever, and I gave a bit of a laugh as I saw Mr Meldon and Miss Bessy tight hold of hands; for, in place of seeming to fear him, she was now looking up to him as if for protection. My mates, poor chaps, were in a queer state, for they were much burnt; and now they lay on the raft with their poor heads seeming to ask Mr. Meldon to come and help them; and, with Mrs Dutch to assist him, he did all he could for them.

Just about a quarter of a mile from us lay the ship, smoking and burning just a little, her poop and midships a deal shattered, main and mizen gone, and lying alongside, but foremast standing, with nearly all the rigging. As to the fore part, it did not seem much damaged; and, as she hadn't sunk so far, the skipper said as she wouldn't sink at all while it kept calm; so, Mr. Dutch being of his opinion, we paddled our raft and boat back once more. We got aboard; and what with one of the pumps left rigged, and a bucket or two, we found we got out pretty well every spark and bit of flame we could find; made our examination amongst the black, steaming ruin, and found that the second explosion must have taken an upward direction, and blown a good half of the deck off. Still, so far as we could see, there was no fear of her sinking; so, clearing a spot forward, we began to think of getting the others aboard.

But, first of all, we got a bit of sailcloth, and laid it over the poor gentleman as lay there stiff and stark, so as not to distress his sister.

Now the fat stooard had offered to help us, and no doubt would have done his best; but hang me if he could any more mount the side than fly. He panted and puffed for a bit, but that was all, and then he sat down again on the raft, puffing and talking to Mrs. Dutch when he could get her to speak, which wasn't often. As for my mates, poor chaps, they couldn't hold a head up: and I was very glad when we'd got a bit of an awning rigged up, and the ladies aboard and underneath it.

Next thing to be done was to find some biscuit and water, Mr. Dutch said, for they'd finished what was in the breaker, the two poor chaps being that thirsty they kept asking for it, and Mrs. Dutch not having the heart to refuse. So Mr. Dutch said water; but, speaking for myself, I said rum. After a long hunt, we found, just where we should never have thought to see it, a tin of preserved meat, and had a hard job to open it, but we managed that; and then I was in luck soon after, and turned up a bag of biscuits, half burned and smoked, half sound; while a little hard work laid bare a water cask, and I filled the breaker.

It was quite warm, that water was, but in our state every drop was so much bottled joy, and after a good hearty draught, I was ready for any amount more work.

So, after forgetting them for some time, I goes up the fore mast, and had a good look out for the other boat and Laure; but not a sight of them could I see, after a good half-hour's watch; when I came down, and helped to get all the burnt wood overboard.

Now, done up as we were, it wasn't reasonable to expect a vast deal of work done; but we kept steadily on till it was dark, when we finished the tin of meat, had a biscuit and some water apiece, settled that I was to keep the first watch, and then without a mutineer within reach, the others lay down to rest, for they had settled that Mr. Studwick should be buried at daybreak.

Well, I took my place and helped myself to a quid, leaned over the bulwark, and watched the clear, bright stars, now in the sky, now as I saw them shining in the water, and then I got asking myself questions about how it was all to end, when I thought I should be more comfortable sitting down. So, picking out a spot, I began to reckon up how long it would be before I must call Mr. Dutch to relieve me; and then I thought that he'd feel as bad as I did, and want Mr. Wilson to relieve him; and then he'd watch till daybreak, when he'd relieve the birds; and Mr. Meldon would put a piece of fresh bandage round the turtle dove's head; and if the fire broke out again the fat stooard would cry upon it till Pollo boxed his ears, when he'd relieve me, and I should—no, I shouldn't—yes, I should—

I started, saying to myself "I was nearly asleep," when I took a fresh turn at my quid, and Mr. Parkley asked me if I'd marry him and Miss Bessy, and the black could give them away, and then go and sit on the raft with me, and sink it down, and down, and always going down, and lower and lower; and instead of its getting darker and darker, it got lighter and lighter, and there seemed a warm glow as from the sun, only it was the water so far down seemed to choke and I told Mr. Parkley I didn't think it quite proper, but I'd marry them if the fat stooard would not give them away, but get out of the way—and—avast, then—avast, then—yes, what?—all right—

"The fire has burst out again!" cried Dutch.

And that just while I closed my eyes for half a minute.

CHAPTER LIII.

YOU see, there's that in a fire that it never knows when it is beaten: you drive it down in one place, and it comes up in another, just where you least expect it; while, after such a shock as we had had, there was nothing surprising in our feeling as most people do when there's a fire in a ship with a mixed cargo—afraid of an explosion. There were the flames towering up again quite fiercely and always in the most savage way, just out of our reach.

But if the flames could be savage, I felt that I could too; for, you see, I looked upon it as my fault, for sleeping at my post, when I ought to have seen the first flash out. So I got down amongst the smoke and steam and as they handed me buckets of water, I placed them well, and by degrees we got the fire under again. It was just about day break as we turned all the glow and flame into blackness, half hidden by steam; but even then we daren't leave off for another such outbreak would make an end of us. Even now most of the cargo seemed destroyed; and it was cruel work, for everything fought against us except the weather, which certainly did keep clear and calm, or we must have gone to the bottom. But, as I said, it did not seem such cruel work to have things, that we were ready to die for the want of, destroyed before our eyes.

We were all worn out; but sooner than run any more risks, we kept on pouring water here and there, till it seemed quite impossible for fire to break out again. And there we were at last with the ship our own, what there was of it; but though there was a good sized piece of the fore-deck left, and a little round the wheel, the only way to get from stem to stern was by climbing down amongst the burned rubbish, and then making your way through it till you reached the poop.

By the means of a little hunting about, though, we managed to get at some provisions, and among other things a cask of pork, with the top part regularly cooked. We got at water, too, and some rum; and then it did not seem to matter, danger or no danger, fire breaking out or Laure coming back, sleep would have its way; and one after the other we dropped off, the skipper in a corner and Mr. Wilson with his legs dangling down over the burned hold.

I talked to Miss Bessy and Mrs. Dutch afterwards about having neglected my duty, but they would hardly hear a word about it; and now I found we had all slept, Mrs Dutch had been awake and watching; but now she went into the sort of tent we had rigged her up; and Mr. Dutch having the same thing in his head as I had, we went and had a talk together; and an hour afterwards we had poor Mr. John Studwick neatly wrapped in a piece of sail cloth, with some iron stanchions and bolts at the feet, and lying decently waiting for Miss Studwick and the skipper to wake again.

She came out of her tent at sundown, looking pale and haggard; and as soon as she saw what we had been about, the tears began to roll down her cheeks, and she came and knelt down by her brother's head and joined her hands.

I did not want the sign Mr. Dutch made me to do as the others did: and there we knelt for some time on that calm, solemn sort of evening, with the ship just gently rolling on what seemed a sea of orange. There wasn't a breath of wind stirring, but all was quiet and peaceful, with only the ladies' sobs and the twittering of birds to break the stillness.

I don't think I said so before, but there were a many of the birds escaped the fire, and perched about on the deck and the rigging of the foremast; and when we had gently lifted the body of the poor gentleman on to a hatch by the side, we drew back, and knelt down again, thinking his father might like to say a prayer aloud before we gave the body a sailor's funeral, when one of Mr. Wilson's robin redbreasts hopped down upon the deck, and then giving a flit, pearched right upon the dead man's breast, and burst out into its little sad, mournful song, making even my poor old battered heart swell and swell, till I was 'most as bad as the fat stooard, whose complaint I must have caught. I can't tell you how much there seemed in that little bird's sad song; but it was as if it took you back into the far past, and then again into the future; and weak as the little thing was, it had a strange power over all of us the present.

As if that robin had started them, the sparrows began to twitter just as though at home in the eaves; a thrush, far up on the foreto'-gallant yard, piped out a few notes; and a lark flew up and out over the glorious sea, and fluttered and rose a little way, singing as it went, just as if it were joining with the others in a sort of evening hymn. And now it was that Mr. Meldon made a sign to me, just as he'd told me he would; and I got up and went softly to raise the head of the hatch, to let the burden it had on it slowly slip into the golden water. But, with a faint cry; Miss Bessy started forward, seeing what I meant, and half throwing herself upon the long uncouth canvas-wrapping, she sobbed and cried fit to break her heart.

It was a sad sight, and there was not a man there who did not feel for the poor girl. I felt it so much myself that I was glad to turn away; and there we all waited till the sun dipped down below the waves, lower and lower, till he was gone, and a deep, rich purple darkness began to steal over the sea. From golden orange the sky, too, turned from red to a deep blue, with almost every color of the rainbow staying where the sun had gone down. Then it grew darker and darker, with star after star peeping down at us, and the smooth sea here and there rippled by a soft breeze that came sighing by.

And now it was that Miss Bessy's sobs seemed to have stopped, and, leaning over her, I saw that she had gently slipped away, so that her poor white arm lay across the body; and when her father gently lifted it, her head sank lower and lower, and we knew that her grief had been too strong for her, and she had swooned away.

I've been at more than one sailor's funeral, which has a certain sadness about it that seems greater than what you know ashore; but this seemed to me the worst I had ever had to do with. Troubles seemed to have been heaped upon trouble; and though in the heat or excitement of a storm or a fight you often go very near death, yet you don't seem to fear it as you do at a time like this was, when, as I stood over the bit of canvas, it seemed to me that I was nearer to my end than I had ever felt in all the dangers I had been through before.

It was growing darker and darker; the birds had all stopped their twittering, and I was thinking and thinking, when in a slow, sad way Mr. Wilson got up, and came and stood over the corpse, and tried to speak but his voice seemed choked. He went on after a minute or two, though, and said in a quiet, deep voice, a short and earnest prayer, one that I had never seen in a book, nor heard before or since; and in it he prayed the great God of all people, who had seen the sufferings of this our poor brother, to take him to Himself, even as we committed his poor decayed body to the deep—the Almighty's great ocean, upon which we poor helpless one's now floated — thanking Him for His preservation of us so far, and prayed that His protection might be with us evermore. And he prayed, too, that as it had pleased God to bereave the sorrowing sister, it might please him to put it in the heart of every man present to be a new brother and protector to the weeping one—even, were it necessary, unto death.

And then there was a great silence fell upon us all; then came a slow, grating sound, a soft rustle as I raised the hatch, and a heavy splash into the water, which broke into little waves and flashes of light, to die away again into darkness.

There was more than one deep sob heard there that night from out of the darkness; and though dark, it was not so black but we could see Miss Studwick at Mr. Wilson's feet, holding his hand as he bent over her, and she seeming to be kissing and crying over it.

No one seemed to care to move for a long, long time, but at last the ladies' dresses rustled softly as they glided away to the tent; and then Mr. Wilson went and leaned over the side. And though we had all been ready to laugh at him for his looks and ways, there was not a man there but would have gone and gladly shaken the hand which Miss Bessy had kissed; and I felt vexed myself for not feeling before how good a heart a man must have who had so great a love for all of God's creatures, that he would risk his life even for his birds.

That was a sad, sad night, though the ship seemed lighter now that there was no longer death on board; and I was in such a low, miserable state, that I did what seemed to me to be the only thing I could do that night—I went and sat down beside the fat stooard, and looked at Pollo sleeping as if there was nought the matter.

CHAPTER LIV.

WE had no time for sadness and sorrow; there was too much to be done. With the help of the others, I set to, and we made a good strong raft, so as not to trust to the boat alone, and provisioned it, in case of a change of weather; for, though keeping us up well now, I felt sure that a fresh wind must send the ship, silver and all, to the bottom. All I thought would be of use to us I got on the raft; and we spent many days lashing on a cask here and a spar there, and even rigged up a little mast with a lug sail, and had an oar or two for steering. I couldn't get away from that raft, feeling to want to make it perfect, which it wasn't at all. But there it was, and the best I could make; and day after day we rolled about in the long gentle swell of the great ocean, looking for something to heave in sight.

There was very little to occupy us beyond looking out, for sailing the ship was out of the question, since, if she had careened over, the water would have come pouring in at one of the rents in her side; so we waited on day after day, during which time it seemed to me that a sort of jealous feeling was springing up between Mr. Meldon and Mr. Wilson, for Miss Bessy used to keep away all she could from the young doctor, and sit and talk hour after hour with Mr. Wilson about his birds. But Mr. Wilson, though he used to look pleased, only looked so in a quiet, sad sort of way, and used to think that he felt that it did not mean anything for him; and he'd go and feed his birds afterwards, and sigh as he did it, and always try to be good friends, far as he could, with Mr. Meldon.

It was a fine thing for us that we had a doctor on board, for I believe he saved both mates' lives, poor chaps, for they had been sadly mauled about by the explosion, and for days and days all they could do was to lie still and talk wildly about things. Rolls in particular would rouse us all of a night, by shouting out that Laure was striking him. But they both got better by degrees.

Last of all, what I was afraid of happened; the wind changed, and it came on to blow a little. It was nothing more than a pleasant fresh breeze, but enough to make the sea dance a bit, and the old vessel to roll and pitch, so we were obliged to have a man at the wheel, and a bit of sail set, to keep her out of the trough; but handle her how the skipper would, he couldn't keep the water out, and the question got to be, how long could we wait without taking to the raft? And another question was, too, how long could we keep the raft without being washed off? Thinking of this made us rig lines round it, and give an extra lashing here and there just where we could.

CHAPTER LV.

"GENTLEMEN," said Captain Studwick, "it strikes me that we have very little time to spare. Mr. Parkley, your silver is going back to its home at the bottom of the sea."

"Yes," said that gentleman, "and where it will lie, for there seems to be a curse with it all along."

The boat already launched was as rapidly as possible supplied with water, cold provisions, compass, and sail; and, as soon as these were in, Dutch suggested, and his proposal was agreed to, that his wife and the captain's daughter should be lowered down in case of any sudden disposition shown by the ship to sink. The captain gave his orders sharply, and Dutch took his wife in his arms, made fast a rope round her, and lowered her into the larger boat, Bessy submitting herself, as Mr. Meldon helped, to be lowered to her side.

Mr. Wilson and the doctor followed, Oakum and one of the sailors being the next, so as to take the management of the boat, with orders to push off and lie at about a hundred yards' distance.

Hester half rose with outstretched hands; but a word from Dutch reassured her as he set to with the captain and the rest on board to lower down such necessaries as the cabin contained to freight the second boat.

This work had been going on for about half an hour: the boat had been loaded as far as was safe, and coops, spars, rope, casks, and hatches were being thrown over, with axes and a saw lashed to them, so as to construct a kind of raft from the boats, whose object was to bear the heavy portion of their freight, and also to act as a kind of breakwater in case the sea should roughen, when the boats could lie to leeward and wait until some vessel hove in sight to rescue them from their perilous position.

The fire still blazed furiously, melting down the silver, old Rasp said, and this latter worthy had given a great deal of trouble, from the fact that he considered that the only thing worth saving was the diving apparatus, and he had strewed the deck with various articles which he had brought

up, only to be peremptorily rejected. And now all left on board found that their minutes there were numbered, but still they toiled on till a warning cry from Oakum in the further boat drew their attention to a strange hissing noise where the fire burned most fiercely.

"She's sinking," cried Dutch, as the schooner gave a heavy roll.

"Yes, quick! over with you all," cried the captain. Then, with a groan, "Poor old schooner! she deserves a better fate than this."

One by one they slid down the rope left ready into the boat, till all were in save the captain and Dutch, neither of whom would go first.

"Quick, quick!" cried Mr. Parkley, "or we shall be sucked down."

"Push off!" roared the captain, who saw their peril; and, as they hesitated, he seized the rope and swung himself down, Dutch leaping headlong into the water at the same moment.

It was a close shave; for, as Dutch rose and caught at the boat's gunwale, the oars were dipped and plied manfully, while the schooner blazed now with increased fury, as if the flames meant to secure all they could before the waters seized their prey. The vessel had begun to roll heavily, and the flames, which had now caught the mizen and fore masts, were running rapidly up the rigging, darting in tongues of fire from the tarry ropes, and curling up the masts till they were perfect pyramids of fire.

Three more heavy rolls succeeded, with the hissing of the fire increasing to a shriek, when a cloud of steam began to arise, and the schooner careened over, so that those in the last boat, as they toiled to get sufficiently far away, could see right down the burning hold. This lasted but for a few moments, though; and then the burning masts, with their fluttering sheets of flame, rose up perpendicularly, and, with a dive forward, the vessel plunged down, there was a rushing sound, a tremendous explosion, as the steam and confined air blew up the stern deck: and then the hull disappeared, followed slowly by the burning masts, while the small boat, with all the spars and raft material, were drawn towards the vortex.

"Pull," shouted Captain Studwick, and the oars bent as every possible effort was made; but slowly and surely the boat was drawn back towards where coops and hatches, casks and planks, eddied round for a few minutes, and then disappeared.

Dutch had been dragged on board, and, like the captain, he helped at an oar, wondering the while at the power with which they were sucked towards the whirlpool, round which they began to sail.

No earthly power could have saved them had they not been able to delay their backward progress for a few minutes; as it was, when they neared the vortex, and over which a barrel was drawn, the bows of the boat were about to plunge down, but by a tremendous effort Dutch dragged the little vessel round, and a succession of fierce tugs sent her once more away from the centre, and another minute's struggle saved them, for the waters were less troubled now, and the danger past.

As they lay off, though, they saw very few of the objects selected for the raft return to the surface; and at last, heart sick, but thankful for their escape, they gave up the idea of the raft as hopeless, and now steadily rowed to meet their consort.

CHAPTER LVI.

A DREARY TIME.

THE occupants of the two boats, as they lay together that evening beneath the spangled canopy of heaven, little thought that the third of the schooner's boats lay within a few miles of them, with Laure on board, or they would not have slept in turn so peaceful and in such calm hope of being saved; for, as the schooner sank with its treasure, it seemed to all on board that with the silver sank the kind of curse that had been upon them all through.

It was an empty sense of superstition, but it influenced them and cheered them on through the long, sunny, scorching days, as they bent to their oars and toiled on, and in the evenings, when, taking advantage of the soft breezes, the little sails were spread, and they crept on ever north and east in the hope of gaining the course of one of the vessels going south or west. But the days stole slowly by, and no sails gladdened their sight, and at last, as the water grew low in the little breakers and the provisions threatened to become exhausted, Dutch felt his heart sink, and told himself with a bitter smile that they had not yet worn out the power of the curse, if curse there were.

After long days of rowing, in which every man in the boats took part in urging them up the sides of the long rollers and then down their hill-like descent, the feeling of weary lassitude made itself more and more felt. They suffered, too, from their cramped position in the boats, but no one murmured. Even Rasp and Oakum ceased to wrangle, and the former pursed up his wrinkled mouth, and followed the example of Oakum in whistling for a favoring wind.

At times the breeze would come, and, the sails filling, the boats sped onwards; but the few miles were nothing in the immensity of the watery space around; and at last, half delirious with the heat, after being reduced to a few drops of warm water each day, the sun went down like a great globe of fire, and Dutch Pugh felt that the time had come when they must die.

A re arrangement of the occupants of the boat had long been made, so that both Dutch and Meldon were by those they loved, and now it seemed that the nuptial bed of the latter would be that of death. Hope seemed long before to have fled upon her bright wings, leaving only black despair to brood over them like the eternal night. Hardly a word was spoken in either boat, and once more the rope had been passed from one to the other, so that their desolate state might not become more desolate by parting company during the night.

The night in question had fallen as black as that when the schooner was blown away, but no one heeded it, neither did they listen to the ravings of Wilson, who lay back in the stern sheets talking of his birds, and calling some particular pet by name. Then he would whisper Bessy's name, and talk to himself constantly about his love for her, till at last the poor girl would be roused from a state of lethargy, and, laying her head on Meldon's breast, sob for a few minutes—dry hysterical sobs—and then subside once more. Oakum sat twisting up a piece of yarn, crooning scraps of old songs, and Pollo would now and then, in a half-delirious fashion, try to sing the fragment of a hymn; but these attempts had grown now more and more spasmodic, and with the knowledge bluntly felt that they had but a few fragments to support them on the following day, and no water, all sat or lay in a kind of stupefied despair, waiting for the end.

Upon Dutch Pugh had of late fallen the leading of the little party; for Captain Studwick had fallen ill from over-exertion with his oar beneath the burning sun, and before dusk Dutch had directed a longing gaze round the horizon in search of a sail, but in vain, and now he sat with Hester's head resting upon his lap, her large bright eyes gazing up into his, as longingly and full of love as ever, till, in the madness of his despair, as he saw her dying before him, he had strained her wasted form to his breast, and held her there when the darkness fell.

"Is there no hope, Dutch?" she whispered to him, faintly, as her lips rested close by his ear.

"Yes, always—to the last darling," he whispered.

"I am not afraid to die, darling," she whispered back; "it is for you. If I could only save your life."

He covered her lips with his kisses, and her arms passionately embraced his neck, till a kind of heavy stupor fell on both, even as on all the rest in the unfortunate boat. The rest of the food was eaten next day, and then they sank back in their places to die.

But their fate was not that of Laure, whose boat was never seen again. Ere another day had passed, a fast steamer sighted them where they lay, and bore down upon them as Pollo, the only one with strength enough left, hoisted a handkerchief upon one of the oars and held it aloft.

It was but just in time, and long and energetic was the attention required before the little party was out of danger, and by that time the port of Southampton was reached, and the next day—home.

CHAPTER LVII.—CONCLUSION.

QUITE a year elapsed before the subject was broached again from a business point of view. Mr. Parkley has been a good deal disheartened by his losses, and shook his head when Dutch suggested a second trip.

"No, no," he said, "no more chance for me."

"Suppose there is no chance in the matter," said Dutch, quietly; and he then proceeded to tell him that which he had kept secret in his own breast ever since—to wit, of the rich treasure of gold which he had found after the silver had been removed.

"Is this a fact, or some dream left by our troubles when coming home?" said Mr. Parkley, who looked at him in doubt and wonder.

"A fact," said Dutch; and he described exactly were the treasure lay.

"That's enough," exclaimed Mr. Parkley. "I had made a vow that I would never be tempted again; but I will this once, Dutch—this once, my lad."

He kept his word; and though Hester shivered at the idea, she saw her husband's great desire for the trip, gave way, and prevailed upon to consent to take her with him.

For a time he held out, so painful were the recollections of the last trip; but on Captain Studwick taking the command of the vessel they were to sail in once more, and the doctor and his newly made wife insisting upon accompanying them, he agreed.

Rasp insisted upon going again, because Oakum was going to interfere; and Oakum insisted on being one of the party because Rasp would be there to meddle with. Where Sam Oakum went Pollo was sure to be found.

The result was that the vessel—well found, and manned by a good crew—sailed one day, made a rough but prosperous voyage to the Gulf of Mexico, and there, in the placid weather they enjoyed, made first for one of the sunken galleons, where, after the removal of the sand, and the destruction of sundry sharks, so great a treasure in golden ingots was brought to the surface, and carefully stowed away, as made Mr. Parkley propose that they should tempt fortune no further, but up anchor and go back home.

Dutch, however, was of too manly grit to go back without exploring the other galleon, and on this being reached, a second golden store was rescued from the waves where it had been three hundred years—a treasure large enough not only to recompense all past losses, but to make its winners wealthy for life.

So far from any imaginary curse attending this voyage, it was accomplished without difficulty, and home reached once more, with the mysteriously won treasure, of which there was much talk, but little information gained; for, saving what oozed out from the well-paid sailors, nothing was known, Mr. Parkley saying that perhaps one of the Spanish states might put in a claim.

And so ended the eventful search for the gold and silver of the Spanish galleons—wealth won by conquest by the filibustering followers of Phillip of Spain, but never achieved by them, when dragged by torture from the simple-hearted Peruvians, to be hidden in the tropic sands. What might have been its purpose had the treasure reached the Spanish Court, who can tell? Suffice is that as far as money could do, it made happy several English homes, not the least happy that of the man who, with true penitence, sought in the rest of his career to make happy the woman who had been the object of his doubts. "Yes," said he, "I was mad, and bent on seeking treasure when I had a great one at home. Ah, Hester, love, I have gone down many times, and have found strange things, but I shall never reach to the bottom of your heart, or gather all its most secret depths of love, so long as I am what I am, Dutch the Diver."

[THE END.]

NATURE'S BAROMETERS.

CERTAIN movements on the part of the animal creation, before a change of weather appear to indicate a reasoning faculty. Such seems to be the case with the common garden spider, which, on the approach of rainy or windy weather, will be found to shorten and strengthen the guys of his web, lengthening the same when the storm is over. There is a popular superstition that it is unlucky for an angler to meet a single magpie; but two of the birds together are a good omen. The reason is that the birds foretell the coming of cold or stormy weather; and then, instead of their searching for food for their young in pairs, one will always remain on the nest. Sea gulls predict storms by assembling on the land, as they know that the rain will bring earthworms and larvæ to the surface. This, however, is merely a search for food, and is due to the same instinct which teaches the swallow to fly high in fine weather, and skim along the ground when foul is coming. They simply follow the flies and gnats which remain in the warm strata of the air. The different tribes of wading birds always migrate before rain, likewise to hunt for food. Many birds foretell rain by warning cries and uneasy actions; and swine will carry hay and straw to hiding places, oxen will lick themselves the wrong way of the hair, sheep will bleat and skip about, hogs turned out in the woods will come grunting and squealing, colts will rub their back against the ground, crows will gather in crowds, crickets will sing more loudly, flies come into the house, frogs croak, and change color to a dingier hue, dogs eat grass and rooks soar like hawks. It is probable that many of these actions are due to actual uneasiness, similar to that which all who are troubled with corns or rheumatism experience before a storm, and are caused both by the variation in barometric pressure and the changes in the electrical condition of the atmosphere.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were sued for libel by a former servant, but the verdict of the jury was in their favor. The case is to be taken before a higher court.

At Milan, Italy, on the 8th of April, Count Alfredo de Fontana, of that place, was married to Miss Emmeline, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Addison, of Pittsburg.

Cetywayo, the Zulu king, has eleven thousand wives.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

AN Indian legend runs that the young and beautiful Princess Neroyah loved the brave warrior Tonaka, but the tribes to which they respectively belonged were bitterly hostile; therefore, the secret meeting of the young lovers had to be conducted in the most adroit and disguised manner. Fortunately, Tonaka was endowed by the Great Spirit with a singular power of mimicry. So gifted was he that, with but slight effort, he could imitate any known bird or animal under the sun.

Often in the stillness of the midnight hour, Neroyah, hearing the preconcerted signal, would steal from her couch of leopard-skin, and seek the vast depths of the forest, where she would find her beloved awaiting her with anxious impatience. Sometimes the signal would be the shrill cry of the panther or wild-cat; again, the barking of a dog; but more frequently the exquisite notes of some forest night-bird.

This bliss endured for many moons, when, notwithstanding their caution, their attachment became known, and the two tribes then at war resolved that they should be put to death. The decree was unknown to either; and when they were both tied to the fatal stake, and the grim and painted warriors around them, the faggots piled ready for the fires, and all the implements of torture displayed with cruel significance, each was busy imploring the Great Spirit who sat in the clouds above and gazed down on the scene, to preserve the life and happiness of the other.

The heart of their god was touched at this tenderness of devotion; his compassion deigned to avert the wrath of their prosecutors, and he caused a strong whirlwind to blow around each, which filled the eyes of the astonished warriors with dust, and when the whirlwind passed, the captives could not be found.

The Great Spirit, however, did not forget that the lovers, absorbed in their devotion to each other for many long months, and in the contrivance of those secret meetings which had gladdened their lives, had neglected the ceremonies of devotion due to him, and therefore would not grant them the immediate union they coveted in this world, and were impious enough to prize above the joys to be sought in the happy hunting-grounds of the future existence.

He changed the young warrior to a mocking bird, and the princess to a beautiful and wondrous bird, of rare plumage, who, should have no mate, but should wander alone, the sole type of her species on earth, until the mocking-bird succeeded in producing a weird and singular note of exquisite and difficult harmony, which alone has the power of calling her to his side.

By this note alone they know each other. Since then she has wandered over the world unrecognized, but still existent; and Tonaka, who still retains the power of imitating, sings, forever sings, imitating every sound he hears, even to the wail of the infant, and, forming every possible combination of his own contriving, hoping to discover his lost and loved Neroyah.

His lonely and loving heart prompts him to make night melodious with his music, and often the nightingale joins him in the sad refrain; he sings softly, bends his head, and listens—it is not the voice of his lost love, and with a despairing cry, he soars away into the vast unknown.

WOMEN OF OLD.

OF Eve we have but a very faint account, though it appears from Scripture that she had a very numerous family, and tradition makes her the mother of thirty-three sons and twenty-three daughters; but beyond this we have not the slightest record of her mode of living, or the manner of her death; thus proving that even in the very earliest age, woman's existence was so completely swallowed up in the stronger one of man, that it was not thought necessary to recognize her as "a helpmeet for man. During what is called the patriarchal period, the condition of woman was one of degradation. With regard to marriage the ties of consanguinity were disregarded, for Abraham married his half sister, Sarah; and Nahur, their brother, wedded Milcah, his niece. The affecting episode of Hagar shows that Abraham entertained a very high estimate of the value of woman. But, with the exception of the pleasing conduct of Job, who had but one wife, and who extended the same indulgence to his daughters as he did to his sons, the whole Jewish history teems with evidence that woman, except in brilliant instances, was regarded in no better light than a bond woman. The pastoral ages present us with the spectacle of woman following the most menial employments. In the time of Moses we find the daughters of a priest of Midian taking care of their father's flocks, which sort of work, according to the account given by Josephus, it was customary and very familiar for the women to do.

There are 4,000 women postmasters in the United States, and the number is on the increase.

PRIMROSES.

Here to my darksome city home,
Ere yet the twilight closes,
A simple country gift has come—
A bunch of pale primroses.

My heart leaps up to see them here;
The fragrance seems to bring
Of shady nooks where far and near
Those frail gold buds are gleaming.

A keen fresh wind fills all the place,
A sudden glow and sweetness—
The vague sweet thrill, the nameless grace
Of Spring in its completeness.

The solid walls have passed away,
The city's noise and bustle;
Instead I see the lambs at play,
I hear the long grass rustle.

An instant, snatched from toil and strife,
This vision fair doth hold me;
I drink one draught of fuller life
Ere cares once more enfold me.

O potent charm, O tender spell,
That o'er my spirit closes,
Breathed from the blooms I love so well—
The fragrant, frail primroses!

What Will People Say.

BY M. E. R.

BERTHA HAMILTON, a young lady of twenty, and not without beauty, had just finished her toilet for an evening party. She seemed quite satisfied with her general appearance, and after glancing for a moment in an opposite mirror, threw a shawl over her arm and descended to the parlor.

"I hope you are not going to wear that dress, Mary!" she exclaimed, as her eye fell upon her sister, who was neatly attired in white muslin, and looked the picture of contentment and happiness combined.

"That is my intention," she quietly replied, as Bertha still looked at her with undisguised astonishment.

"But you have already worn it three times,—to my certain knowledge," added the latter. "What will people say? You must have forgotten that. A dress may fit well, not be soiled, be very becoming, and all that kind of thing, but those are no good reasons why you should persist in wearing it so much."

"In the matter of dress, I think every one should please themselves, and when that is done they need care but little about the opinion of others; that is, when good taste and propriety are not outraged," said Mary, with a good-humored smile. "Still if you don't fancy my appearance this evening, I'll just run upstairs and put on a black silk, it won't take me many minutes. Anything to make myself agreeable."

"That would certainly be a very great improvement, as you have only worn black silk and white muslin, alternately, to every party this winter," was the somewhat sarcastic rejoinder of the young lady, as Mr. Hamilton entered the room, and announced that the carriage was at the door.

"But it is much too early, father," said Bertha, quickly. "Nobody goes at this hour."

"It is considerably past eight, and that is late enough to suit me. Besides, I have a severe headache, and should like to leave early," replied Mr. Hamilton, drawing on his gloves.

"Everybody will be talking about it, I am sure," responded Bertha to herself. "Father and Mary care so little about what folks say. It makes no difference with them whether they are considered fashionable or unfashionable."

But the young lady knew by experience that nothing she could say would change her father's opinion on the subject, so she submitted; but with rather a bad grace, we will allow, as she had made up her mind to attract considerable attention by her late entrance.

As the reader may imagine, Bertha and Mary Hamilton were very unlike.

Bertha would have remained at home, in preference to wearing a hat in the street one month out of fashion, or a dress that was unfortunate enough to have a bodice, when the acknowledged leaders of ton had decided that a belt must take its place. Not that she cared, particularly, O, no; but "people would talk" if she was behindhand in those matters.

With Mary it was different; she had a superlative contempt for fashionable eccentricities. If a thing was right, that was sufficient, and it mattered little to her whether her hat was in this or last year's style; or the pattern of her shawl a new or an old one. Her apparel was always neat, simple and becoming, for the good reason that her taste was faultless.

"I was really ashamed of you last evening," said Bertha to her sister, the morning after the party. "You were the subject of comment of both ladies and gentlemen."

"Ah," rejoined Mary, with assumed gravity; "what did I do to gain me such an honor?"

"You talked half the evening with a woman old enough to be your grandmother," replied her sister, with the air of one who has convicted another of a heinous offence.

"An enormous crime, certainly!" observed Mr. Hamilton, drily, who entered, unobserved, at that moment, and heard the remarks.

Bertha colored excessively, and for an instant was greatly embarrassed.

"And to offset that, my daughter, I heard a young gentleman remark that she showed more real and unostentatious politeness than he had seen manifested during the evening; for she tried to please and entertain an elderly lady, who was unable to join in the general entertainments, and was universally slighted by all but her hostess and Mary, whose conduct you have seen fit to censure."

Bertha was in the minority, and said nothing farther on that subject.

Seating herself at the piano, she ran her fingers over the keys with a very dissatisfied expression of countenance.

"When are we to have a new piano, I wonder? We need one very much," she remarked, after a pause.

"A new piano! What is the trouble with the one you have?" inquired Mr. Hamilton, looking up with surprise at this abrupt and unexpected remark.

"It is a small one," said the young lady, nothing daunted.

"Is that the only fault?" he added.

"On the contrary, that is the least objection; it does not compare favorably with the other furniture. We ought to have a nice carved instrument, like other people with whom we associate. None of my lady friends have small, plain, square cornered pianos like that!" replied Bertha, and her manner indicated the supreme contempt in which she held old fashioned things in general.

Something very like a frown passed over the usually pleasant face of Mr. Hamilton.

"Are your sister's wishes yours also?" he asked turning suddenly towards Mary; who earnestly assured him "that not for a moment had she felt dissatisfied with the piano they had; and that when Bertha viewed the matter in its true light, she could not but be convinced that no change was needed."

"I believe you, my dear Mary," continued Mr. Hamilton, "but in regard to Bertha, I have my doubts; for she is wholly governed, not by her own opinions and good sense, but by the opinions of others. Still, in regard to a piano, I should be most happy to gratify you, had not circumstances put it entirely out of my power. Three months ago I was what people call wealthy, now I am comparatively a poor man. Do not start so, Bertha, nor turn pale, Mary, for it is not so desperate as you may imagine. Through the dishonesty of a professed friend, and the failure of a bank in which I had large investments, I have lost many thousands of dollars. But by selling this house and furniture I can buy a smaller one, furnish it, and have a nice little sum to lay by for my business, or for future wants. Will not that be better than living here in a vastly different style from that to which we have been accustomed, merely to keep up appearances?"

"We will dispense with all the servants but one; I will wear my hats longer; I will put less sewing out; I will have fewer dresses; I wont coax you for any new jewelry; I will be contented with the old piano; I will do anything to keep this house," exclaimed Bertha, with much earnestness.

"What do you think, Mary?" asked Mr. Hamilton, at the close of this emphatic appeal.

Her sentiments were in unison with his own.

She expressed her opinion on the subject, but at the same time, with her usual unselfish disposition, begged that Bertha might be gratified, if it was possible.

After much persuasion on the part of Bertha, and an unhesitating promise that she would wait upon herself and assist Mary—who, as we have hinted, was more domestic in her habits—all that lay in her power, Mr. Hamilton at last consented to make the experiment, although he felt sure that his eldest daughter would be the first to complain of the duties which she had voluntarily undertaken.

They at once proceeded to lessen their family expenses by dismissing the housekeeper and chambermaid; Mary considering herself competent to make good the place of the former, if Bertha would give her the assistance she had so readily promised. But a short trial convinced the latter that the dull routine of domestic duties was not just what she had imagined.

The greatest fear which the young lady experienced, however, was that she should be surprised while engaged in these employments, and lose caste in consequence. Whenever the bell rang, she invariably started with alarm, and hastened to the mirror to be sure that her face was not flushed by exertion, or that anything about her person would denote the nature of her duties.

Bertha had another motive in keeping her father's altered circumstances a secret. A young gentleman belonging to a wealthy and influential family had, for some time, paid her his addresses.

He had seen but little of her in private life and had not discovered the main spring which governed all her actions.

Highly esteeming Mr. Hamilton, and being attracted by the pretty face and intelligence of his eldest daughter, he had serious thoughts, providing the consent of all parties could be obtained, of making her his wife.

Latterly, the calls of Ralph Granger had been more frequent; and she trembled lest in an ungarded moment, or by some unforeseen occurrence he might be led to suppose that they had been unfortunate; a supposition which Bertha was disposed to regard in the light of a new calamity.

One day when Mr. Granger was about to take leave, he paused suddenly, and said:

"By the way, Miss Hamilton, I overheard a conversation this morning between my mother and a girl who applied for the place of chambermaid, and who had formerly occupied that situation in your family; for she produced an excellent recommendation from you. But what seemed to surprise and perplex my mother greatly was the circumstance that she was not able to assign any reason for her dismissal from your service; and she was not disposed to believe that you had dismissed a faithful domestic without ample cause. But the girl persisted in her first assertion, which was, that she had asked for a reason but that you had refused to give one. As my mother is much troubled to procure good help, I thought I would take the liberty to inquire about this applicant for a situation."

While the young man was speaking, the face of Bertha was suffused with blushes, and her embarrassment was so palpable, that it could not escape his observation.

"Really," she stammered with increasing confusion, "really, I do not remember. It was some time ago, and one cannot always charge the memory with such trifles. I believe the girl gave very good satisfaction, and if I recommended her that was sufficient."

"I think I perceive the nature of the case," added Mr. Granger. "Your delicacy and native goodness of character incline you to cover up and overlook the failings of others. I can appreciate such feeling. I shall not esteem you the less for this new instance of regard for the happiness of others, however humble their station in life."

A few days after this conversation, Ralph Granger saw Mary Hamilton and the girl who applied to his mother for a situation, conversing together at a corner of a street. Perceiving he was recognized by Mary, he joined her, when the latter observed:

"I was just trying to comfort Ann a little. She has had but poor success in procuring a situation. Does not Mrs. Granger need help?"

"Why did you not retain her in your service?" asked the young man.

"I will answer frankly; the sole reason of her discharge was because my father did not feel able to keep so many domestics as he has heretofore done."

"Your candor is commendable," said the gentleman, while a shade of surprise and disappointment stole over his features. "If the young woman will call on my mother this evening, I will interest myself in her favor."

Mary thanked him warmly, and turned away much pleased.

Hardly a week had elapsed before Ralph Granger again visited Bertha Hamilton. The young lady was as social and smiling as ever, and did not suspect the nature of the thoughts that went floating through his brain, and of which she was the unconscious subject.

"Where is your piano? It does not occupy its accustomed place?" he asked, apparently as a last desparate effort to keep up the conversation which for the last few moments had begun to flag.

"Mary practises so much that the noise became insufferably annoying; so I had it removed to the back sitting-room, where she can drum away at her Italian airs without crazing anybody," replied Bertha, carelessly.

At this moment Mary entered, and Granger added, laughingly:

"Miss Hamilton, your sister says that you have taken desperately to music lately."

"Yes," rejoined Mary, innocently, supposing that Bertha had already informed the gentleman that she was engaged in teaching, "I have six pupils, and they do indeed keep me very busy."

"Not regular scholars, Mary!" interrupted Bertha, quickly, crimsoning with shame and mortification. "They are only the children of a few friends of ours."

Ralph Granger pretended to busy himself by turning over the leaves of a book, but managed to cast stealthy glances at the young ladies.

Instead of reading, he was drawing comparisons between them, and the event proved that they were not very favorable to the elder sister.

Simplicity, candor, and truth were three traits of character upon which he placed a very high estimate, and the personal beauty of Bertha faded away like mists before the sun, when he discovered that she was wanting in those excellent qualities.

The superficial arts of Bertha no longer charmed him. He pitied the weakness that placed her entirely at the mercy of others for her happiness.

To Mary—the prudent and discreet Mary—he turned, as to one directly opposite in character.

He ceased to pay particular attentions to her sister, and Mary soon engrossed them all.

His respect for her daily increased, and he married her, from a deep conviction of her worth, without once pausing to ask, "What will people say?"

New Publications.

It is to be regretted that General Richard [illegible] her the literary honors [illegible] unique place among the literature of the late war. This book is splendidly printed and bound. Published by Appleton and Co., and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price, $2 00.

Dournof, a Russian story, by Henry Greville, is published by T. B Peterson & Brothers, of this city. Dournof was written in Russia during Madame Greville's residence in St. Petersburg, and is a graphic story of R[illegible] life, containing careful studies of Russian character, which are most admirable, and is far superior to any of her other works. One gets a good deal of valuable history, and of interesting facts pertaining to the people of Russia, from such stories as this, every page of which shows the hand of a [illegible] experienced author. Marie Stewart is the translator.

Airy Fairy Lilian is the title of a novel by the author of Phyllis, Mollie Rawn, etc. Published by Lippincott. The story is full of that charming vivacity and gaiety which captivates the reader's attention, and holds it to the end. Bound in paper. Price, 50 cents.

The Barque Future, or Life in the Far North, is the title of a translation from the Swedish of Joseph Lie, by Mrs. Ole Bull. The story is written in a pleasing, simple style, and gives the reader a picturesque glimpse of life among the Finns. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, and for sale by Lippincott, this city. Bound in cloth and gilt. Price, $1.00.

The many admirers of Mrs Forester's novels will welcome her latest one just published by Lippincott of this city, under the title of Rhona. The scene is in England and introduces a pleasant social phase of English life, in which flirtation, love and friendship form the leading features, to the exclusion of any immorality, a pleasant characteristic of Mrs. Forester's novels. The characters are natural and the heroine and plot both sustain one's interest throughout the story in a succession of pleasing incidents. Bound in cloth and gilt. Price $1 50.

Under the title of Letters from [illegible] a little volume published by Appleton & Co., Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher [illegible] shine and blossom, in a pleasant unaffected style. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of this city.

The Great Italian and French Composers [illegible] by Appleton & Co. [illegible] Mr. Upton, the well-known musical critic of the Chicago Tribune. [illegible] Price $1 50. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger of this city.

An interesting sketch of the life of Gen'l Butler, has been written by Dr. T. A. Bland and includes an outline of his career during the late war, and his connection with politics. Including copious quotations from his speeches. An excellent portrait of Gen'l Butler forms the frontispiece. Published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston. Bound in cloth, with gilt. Price $1 00 in paper 50 cts. For sale by Lippincott of this city.

Chief Moses, of the Nez Perces Indians, looks very much like Henry Ward Beecher.

Leo XIII, accidentally learning that all the valuable [illegible] in the Vatican garden were appropriated by the cardinals, ordered that the [illegible] on condition that the proceeds be kept for the poor.

The Empress of Austria contrived by the urbanity of her manner to render herself extremely popular among nearly all classes and particularly with those whom she met while enjoying the sports of the hunting field. Many little episodes are related of her in connection with the poorer country people.

Wilhelmj began to use the violin at the age of four. At seven he exhibited his accomplishments for the entertainment of Henriette Sontag, who was on a visit to his family, and she was so charmed with the exactness of his execution, and the purity and beauty of his tone, that she embraced him, and predicted for him a splendid future.

An observer of beet root cultivation has announced that the production of beet-root sugar can be greatly increased by the careful artificial selection of the best. The saccharine [illegible] on the contrary, remains stationary, if it does not retrograde, and some think that the continual [illegible] cation from stalwarts gives rise to diseases of various kinds.

A small boy had seen his mother's fur [illegible] and was [illegible] to water [illegible] pet pony. [illegible] quantity crept [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] got into my pony and I'm afraid he's ruined."

Our Young Folks.

THE OLD MILESTONE.

BY T. C. K

"Dull, dull,
Slow slow!
Three tall poplars all in a row.
Three red cows and a crop-eared bull.
From morn to noon and on to night,
Nothing more lively heaves in sight;
Nothing more lively or jolly than those
Bellowing cattle and spindling trees!
Oh! oh! oh! oh!
It's dismally dull and horribly slow,
Slow! slow! dull! dull!
A crop-eared—poplar—a spindling—bull,
Oh! oh!"

THAT'S the song the poor old milestone sang to himself. It wasn't very lively, but it was the best he could make. He was stuck by the side of a road, nine miles from a great town, as you might see from the IX carved on his face. There used to be a great many coaches and carriages and post chaises and wagons passing at all hours of the days and he had rather a pleasant time of it, for, you know, the figures on a milestone are his eyes, and he could see all that passed. But a railway had been made, and all the coaches and carriages and chaises and gigs and wagons were stopped, and nobody passed along the road now, and the grass began to grow upon it. And the surveyor and turnpike people didn't care for the old milestone, and the moss covered his face and got into his eyes, so that he could hardly see even the poplars and the crop-eared bull that he made his song about. And it was a very weary life for him, and his heart of stone grew heavier and heavier till it became almost a heart of lead, and he lost his words while he was trying to sing his old song.

But one day, while he was singing, "Dull, dull! slow, slow!" there came a little girl, and sat on the ground just in front of him. She had a basket in her hand full of forget me nots and stitch wort, and she sat down to tie them in a bouquet with a rush. And her dog seated himself opposite to her, as if to watch what she was doing.

Now the dog was an ugly little brute a black and tan terrier with a long tail and he was of no particular use, for he was afraid of a rat, and rather fond of tramps and beggars, and so he didn't bark at them. But he loved his little mistress very dearly, and she loved him in spite of his ugliness.

And the poor old milestone's heart began to grow softer, and the cockles of it, such as they were, to grow warm, as he looked at the little girl and heard her talking to her dog. "Now, Nig," she said, "you're not handsome, and I don't think you can go in for goodness. Your tail is a great deal too long, and it's all your own fault; for if nobody would cut it, you might at least have got some other dog to bite a piece of it off when you were a puppy. But you're a very dear little dog all the same; and I'll make you a collar of forget me nots and then you'll not be so ugly, and here, you may eat this piece of biscuit while I am making it."

And she plaited a sort of rope of rushes, and wove the forget-me nots into it, and tied it round the dog's neck, as he licked her hand, and held up his foot to "shake a paw" with her, and she finished her bouquet and off they went together, and the poor old milestone was left again in his loneliness.

People talk of angels' visits, but this visit of the little girl and her dog was something of the same sort to the poor old milestone and he never forgot the sound of her voice and the sight of her dear blue eyes and it cheered him to think of them, and to hope that perhaps some day she might come again. But weeks and months passed away and she never appeared, and the moss grew quite over his eyes and all was dark and sad to him. And one day a drunken carter fell asleep on his cart, and the horses ran away, and the wheels of the cart caught against the old milestone and broke him off level with the ground and there he lay, like one of Jack the Giant killer's giants flat on his back with his legs cut off by the sword of sharpness.

Poor old fellow! there he lay ever so long and if it was dull work for him before, it was worse now. And he had hardly spirit enough left in him even to make a rhyme; he could just mutter:

"Dull! slow!
Slow! dull!
I can't see a tree or even a bull
Now! dull!
But I know!
And whether its morning or night I don't know."

But a good time was coming for him at last. One day he felt something scratching at his eyes, and the light began to shine through them, and he began to hear a voice—I forgot to tell you that his IX was both eyes and ears to him—and at last he saw and heard quite plain, and what do you think it was? There was his own little girl sitting on him, and scraping his IX with her knife, and she was talking to an old man with grey hair, and she said, "Papa, I wish I might have this old milestone in my rockery: he's no use here, and he'd look quite handsome among the other stones. The road people can't want him now they've put up that ugly cast iron thing in front of him."

I think it was well for the old milestone that he had not known this; he would have been sadly jealous of the black and white iron thing taking his place.

And her papa said, "Well, here's the surveyor coming; you may ask him." And the surveyor of course he'd no objection if the young lady wished it. And so a cart was sent down that same afternoon, and the old milestone was carried into the rockery, and set up with his face towards the croquet ground and the little girl's garden. And now he was indeed happy, for every day he could see her face and hear her voice, and she would often come close to him and put her trowel or her gloves on his head; and, from some fancy or other, she always kept his IX clean, so that he could see and hear all that passed. And when she was not there, there were always bright flowers to look at, or lazy old James the gardener to chuckle at, as he stood with his hand in his waistcoat pocket, and his head on one side, thinking what he should do next, or whether he should do anything at all; and so his life passed very happily. And sometimes fine ladies and gentlemen came to play croquet just in front of him, and it was very pleasant to see their smart dresses and hear their jokes. But the thing he loved best of all was to hear and see his own little girl as she played with her dog, or worked in her garden; and I think he was quite right—don't you? And, for all I know to the contrary, there he is now.

The Strawberry And The Peach.

A FABLE.

"WHAT a delicious day this is, to be sure!" said a beautiful large scarlet strawberry, on a fine afternoon in July as she coyly peeped out from cool, dark green leaves.

"I am afraid it is going to rain!" grumbled a luscious peach that was ripening high up on the wall over the strawberry's head.

And the peach was right, for presently there came on a drenching shower, which made them both glad to hide behind their sheltering leaves.

After the rain, there came out, as usual, a whole army of slugs and snails, seeking what they could devour. And a great white slug, spying the strawberry's red dress beneath her leaves, crawled up to her, and began to be exceedingly rude.

"Oh, dear me!" moaned the poor strawberry. "That nasty greedy slug has bitten a piece out of my side!"

"That is what comes of living on the ground!" jeered the peach. "Now I'm up safe on the wall, out of the way of those vile crawling and creeping things!"

But presently the rain cleared quite away, and the hot sun came out again and shone gloriously.

Then a black and-yellow wasp, who was roving about looking after a meal, caught sight of the peach, who was sunning herself against the wall, and, with a buzz of joy, he flew towards her, and fastening on to her, drove his nippers deep into her juicy flesh.

"Oh!" screamed the peach, "this cruel wasp is nipping a bit out of my face!"

But the wasp did not care one straw for the shrieks of the peach, and he did not fly away until he had bitten a large hole in her round rosy cheek.

"Oh! neighbor strawberry!" sobbed the peach, "my beauty is quite gone. I was wrong to reproach you; for now I find that I was not out of the reach of misfortune myself!"

We may gather from this, that no station is so humble or so exalted as to be free from trials and troubles. And we should never reproach our neighbors with misfortune that is not his fault, inasmuch as we know not how soon calamity may overtake ourselves.

A YOUNG lady named Susan Johnson, of Uniontown, Ky., who is addicted to reading novels, dressed herself in boy's clothes, and, armed with two pistols and a dagger, took the packet for Evansville, intending to lead a life that would be a terror to the foe. On the boat some deck hands were moving some freight, and a big rat ran out and scud in the direction of her. Miss Johnson jumped on a bale of tobacco and screamed. They carried her to the ladies' cabin.

BEFORE the interest created by the elopement of ex Governor Hubbard's daughter, from her home in New Haven, with her father's coachman, had been dulled, the public was made acquainted with the marriage, in New York city, of Miss Sarah Hall, a young lady of high social station, with Bernard McDonald, a car driver. Now comes a similar story from Nyack, on the Hudson. Miss Carrie Townsend, a daughter of a New York publisher, whose residence is at Nyack, has eloped with James A. Weeks, the family coachman.

Cerebrations.

CONDUCTED BY "WILKINS MICAWBER."

Address all communications to Wilkins Micawber, No. 244 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Solutions and original contributions solicited.

ANSWERS.

No. 137. BRITON.

No. 138.
J A P U
A X I L
P I C A
U L A N

No. 139. BRITON.

No. 140.
L A M A R
A N A V A
G A R O N
A P I C E
N A N A S

No. 141.
F
E A R
C A S T E
I N S T A N T
A B A T E M E N T
L A T E E N S A I L S

No. 142. EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

No. 143.
T E S A P M
E X E D R A
R E N N E T
A D N A T E
P R E T O R
H A T E E S

No. 144.
P
H A P
P A R E R
C A L O R I C
C A P I T U L A R
D E M I S E D
R A T E S
S I R
S

No. 145. JOURNAL-BOX.

No. 146.
S Y R I A C
A R R O Y O
L A N D A U
U N I T E R
T A L E N T
I N V I T E
M A N T E S
G R E A S Y

No. 147
M A S T L I N
M A R I T A L
M A R A C A N
P I L A T U S
A I R T H A P
C A E S U R A
T R E L O C K

No. 148. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 149.
S
C A R
D A R E N
D I L A T E D
C A L Y C I N A L
B A R A C E N I C A L
R E T I N I T E S
S E N I T E S
D A C E S
L A S
L

No. 140. NUMERICAL.

The WHOLE consisting of 7 letters is a tonic,
The 1, 2, 4 5 is a Tartarean prince.
The 7, 3, 6 is a nimble.

Lebanon Church, Va. O. C. O. LA.

No. 141. SQUARE.

1 Desire. 2. Subordinate. 3. A boy's nickname. 4. To fasten. 5. To cause to ascend a tree.

Decatur, Ala. SOU CON.

No. 142. CHARADE.

My FIRST is a two-legged mammal,
My SECOND two-legged as well,
My WHOLE is a famous narcotic,
From Switzerland coming, they tell.

Camden, N. J. QUIPS.

No. 143. HALF SQUARE.

1. A measure. 2. A measure. 3. A measure. 4. A town in France. 5. A termination. 6. A letter.

Lexington, Ky. FLAVY ANN.

No. 144. SQUARE.

1. Set. 2. A bird. 3. A Hindoo clerk. 4. An alarm bell. 5. An oil. 6. Skulks (Scot.)

San Francisco, Cal. GOOSE QUILL.

No. 145. DOUBLE CROSS WORDS.

In sportive not in gay,
In chestnut not in bay,
In brighten not in tan,
In lordship not in man,
In porpoise not in gar,
In scarcely not in far.
Perhaps when young you did attend
The WHOLE. How'er the answer send.

Baltimore, Md. ASIAN.

No. 146. PYRAMID

ACROSS—1. A letter. 2. Managed. 3. Turkish coins. 4. Pertaining to a hue and cry. 5. One who relates (Hare). 6. De crlorate).

DOWN—1. A letter. 2. A prefix. 3. A nickname. 4. Was. 5. A coin. 6. To draw. 7. A time keeper. 8. A feminine name. 9. To suffer. 10. A prefix. 11. A letter.

Danbury, Conn. NUTMEG.

No. 147. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. Salt. 3. Food. 4. The water thistle. 5. Censorious. 6. Easily read. 7. A pedestal to a statue. 8. A river in Scotland. 9. A letter.

Gibson, Pa. ONEACRE.

No. 148. CHARADE.

My darling, my darling, so sweet and so fair,
No maid in the wide world with thee can compare,
A spell hast cast o'er me, and pains with joys mingle,
When I think of my fate if I'm forced to stay single.
There's a world of delight in thy bonny brown eyes,
And the grace of thy smile is a constant surprise;
Thy voice is as sweet as the singing of birds,
To its music I listen, unheeding the words.

As thy tresses, LAST backward, rebelliously burst
From the band of the slinging, and spread backward FIRST,
Like a star half concealed by a nebulous haze,
Thy face shineth forth, and enraptured I gaze.

Say, what shall I do thy rich favor to gain,
And banish forever sad sorrow and pain?
For thee I would travel from pole unto pole,
Most painfully perched on the edge of the WHOLE.

Though like lightning we sped down the arrowy track,
Yet swifter to thee would my thoughts wander back;
And the farther the engine should bear me from thee,
The sadder and sorrier chap I should be.

But were I assured what thy answer would be,
To be mine I'd implore thee on bended knee;
And singling thee out from all girls in the land,
Make thee a free WHOLE of my heart and my hand.

New York City. TOM ASCAT.

No. 149. SQUARE.
(To Waverly.)

1. Assembled. 2. Destitute of regular forms in the genus. 3. Reconstructs. 4. A musical note. 5. One who asks. 6. To manage. 7. Abandons.

New York City. JARBY.

No. 150. RHOMBOID.
(To Effendi.)

ACROSS:—1. A Latin proper name. 2. A Greek proper name. 3. A Latin proper name. 4. A Greek proper name. 5. A Latin proper name. 6. A Greek proper name. 7. The hearts.

DOWN:—1. A letter. 2. A low ridge of gravel. 3. An abbreviation of a member of a certain society. 4. A Latin proper name. 5. Spoons. 6. A Greek proper name. 7. A Latin proper name. 8. A Greek proper name. 9. One who joins a party. 10. Dry. 11. Upward. 12. A Scripture proper name. 13. A letter.

One dollar for first correct solution.

Santa Clara, Cal. COMET.

No. 151. DROP-LETTERS.
(A quotation from HAM.)

-h-t e-, e-r - a-e-l-d n r-n-o-e.
h v o-r-i a w-e-e-g l-e-o-e.

West Bethel, Me. ROTHVEN.

No. 152. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. The knave of clubs. 3. A king and lawgiver of Crete. 4. A town in Connecticut. 5. A river of Brazil. 6. Arranged in pantick. 7. Varied. 8. Assemblies of citizens. 9. The buttocks. 10. A slave nickname. 11. A letter.

New York City. MATTIE JAY.

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list of solutions.

2. The POST three months for SECOND BEST list.

3. The MONDAY SPHINX one year for THIRD BEST list.

4. One Dollar for first correct solution to No. 150.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of April 5th were solved by A. Solver, Gil Blas, Hal Hazard, Odoacer, Asian, Flavy Ann, Kos, Peregrity, Randolph, Willie Willowave, Effendi, O. Possum, Goose Quill, O. C. O. La., Sue Lon, Maud Dyan.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1st. A. Solver, - - Keston, Ohio.
2d. Gil Blas, - - Washington, D. C.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Icicle—Anagrams. Czar Dean—Crossword. Percy Vere—Crossword, two charades, and two squares. Gil Blas—Four charades. Graham—Square, rhomboid and half square. A. S. I.—Sketch. Effendi—Charade. Skeesicks—Sketch. Waverly—Diamond and square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOCAL—Thanks for paper. "Missing Links" is a department that looks as well as any we have seen in this LOCALITY.

X. L. C. R.—Your paper presents quite a ROSY appearance, and we hope that in CRACKING NUTS you will not "break up."

ICICLE—Better procure an ice-box, so that you will remain in nice condition during the coming warm weather. Your English Anagrams are quite nobby.

PERCY VERE—

He snatched a kiss, she pursed her mouth,
It was a purse severe;
Said she, "What's this?" said he, "It's bliss,"
Said she, "Oh, Percy Vere!"

ATLANTA—The April number of the PUZZLERS' OWN is on hand, and all Puzzlers "own up" that it is quite interesting.

GIL BLAS—

We have some little garden plots
Reserved for such as you,
So said the sweet forget-me-nots,
(Charades are welcome too.)

GRAHAM—You are indeed welcome, and contributions very acceptable. Your Rhomboid we have never seen excelled.

CZAR DEAN—

Why FIRST you're a man,
And LAST you're a man
And WHOLE you're a kind of a fish,
My dusty old friend,
The puzzle you send
Is truly the kind that we wish.

WAVERLY—Diamond and Square very good. We have now in stock some of the best puzzle material ever produced.

A. S. I.—

When you arrive
To the Pearly Gate,
Our senses are enthralled,
Good-by good-bye
Now don't delay
We are so glad you called.

EFFENDI—My dear friend, you are very welcome. All readers of Cerebrations are glad to see your well-known NOM beneath a puzzle, and we trust you will reserve your best efforts for this column.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY—If Puzzle Editors to whose departments the undersigned contributes, will not in the future, leave out more than six necessary words in each of his puzzles (and so prevent him from becoming bald-headed, knock-kneed and rheumatic), they will confer a lasting favor on their weeping friend.

WILKINS MICAWBER.

A monument to Calhoun is to be erected in Charleston.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

"The world is wide, and life is long,"
Youth sang, and look'd before him,
As on the chariot of Time
In rapid circles bore him.

"The world is narrow, time is short,"
Cried manhood, grieving sorely,
As on the topmost rung of life
He read its little story.

Age pointed upwards, "In my home
Hope's blossoms perish never;
Earth lasts but for a passing day,
Eternity for ever."

THE ENGLISH ROYAL FAMILY.

We transcribe from the columns of the *Whitehall Review* a series of graphic pen portraits of the royal family of England, which are of opportune interest apropos to the late marriage of the Duke of Connaught.

Let us begin with the Queen. Many know her Majesty by sight, have seen the fine cut features, which have possibly become a little heavy by age, but which remain in a most remarkable degree aristocratic, though comparatively few, perhaps, have heard the clear ringing voice, which is delightful in ordinary conversation, but which becomes most painfully disagreeable and unpleasant when excited, or have seen the heavy lidded eyes wake and flash lightning for a moment, and then sink back into disdainful repose. These flashes of light in the eyes are common to only three members of the royal family—the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Beatrice. It is an extraordinary phenomenon: the whole face changes for an instant when suddenly lit up with the excitement shed from the eyes, and the physiognomy is entirely altered for the moment.

Her Majesty's one dominant characteristic is compassion and sympathy for the unhappy and deserving, and it is odd enough that one whose rank is so exalted that she can have no intercourse, no matter of how trivial a nature with any of her subjects without condescension on her part, should not have grown tired of always giving and never receiving, and still and forever find fresh pleasure in exercising benignant kindness.

In strength of will the Crown Princess of Germany resembles her royal mother, but in the case of the Crown Princess it is impulsiveness that one remarks more than a set and deliberate theory of action. She is the most domineering, as the Prince of Wales is the kindest-hearted, as the Duke of Connaught is the most affable, as Prince Leopold is the most gentle, and as the Princess Beatrice is the cleverest of the royal family. At Berlin she says what she wants and generally has it, sometimes not a little to the disgust of Prince Bismarck, who is not one of the most ardent admirers of her Imperial Highness. Her Imperial Highness has brought up her children most strictly, and if one of them is in doubt what to do on any given occasion, the chances are that he will seek and take the advice of his mother sooner than that of the Crown Prince.

The Prince of Wales once said, "I can't imagine how So-and-So can tell such horrible lies. It's a waste of invention, for he never can deceive any one, so it's really hardly worth his while." This remark gives a good insight into the character and temperament of the future king. Brought up with the greatest care, and taught from earliest infancy that the one greatest jewel in the world is honor, if a man chooses to act like a villain the Prince will not openly brand him before society, but will quietly tell him what he thinks of his conduct, forbid him to venture into his presence again, and then light a fresh cigar and walk on. As true as steel to a friend, he exacts true and sincere friendship in return; but when he is deceived he will not always punish, for it pains him to give pain, and, as a rule, he contents himself with taking the necessary steps to prevent a recurrence of the mischief.

The Duke of Edinburgh is the least lovable member of the royal family, and although his few intimate and chosen friends vote him the best of good fellows, he is undoubtedly not a great and general favorite in society. He thinks less of the feelings of others than do any of his brothers, and is but too apt to fancy that the will of the Duke of Edinburgh must be law to all. Certain persons have on more than one occasion shown his Royal Highness that this is not quite the case. Imagine an American lady saying to him, "I have heard so much of you from Mr. Montague (the actor) that I feel as if knew you!" The feelings of his Royal Highness may be better imagined than described, for he is a great stickler for etiquette.

The Princess Christian is beyond question one of the very most charming members of the royal family. Entirely devoid of any affectation, with a simple, warm, generous, womanly heart overflowing with good-will and pity and compassion, no one can be in the society of her Royal Highness for half an hour without recognizing that one is in the presence of a lady whom to know is to love, and whom to love is to respect. Her manners are simplicity itself; she never seems for a moment to think of her exalted rank, probably well knowing that no one can forget it but herself, and is content to merge the princess of the blood in the tender-hearted high-bred lady. The Princess Louise lacks the gayety of the Princess Helena, and the strength of mind of the Crown Princess of Germany. She is rather of a melancholy and retiring nature, like Prince Leopold. Her reserve is great, and she likes to isolate herself in society, although a friend who met her Royal Highness on terms of comparative intimacy assures us that she can be lively and pleasant enough when she likes and is in perfect health.

The Duke of Connaught, if we may believe the numerous anecdotes concerning his Royal Highness which have reached us, must be indeed the very prince of good-fellows. He has been reproached with being too free and easy in his intercourse with members of society not of his own rank; and it has been said that he forgets the exalted station in which he has been placed rather too easily, being careless of etiquette, and only caring to be considered a soldier and a gentleman.

With the exception of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold is the most remarkable and extraordinary personality to be found among her Majesty's children. He occupies in one sense a unique position among the princes of Europe. He is the only prince of the blood now living whose health is the cause of incessant anxiety, and yet who is neither by years nor bodily infirmity debarred from any of the ordinary pleasures of society. Let no one suppose that Prince Leopold is melancholy and misanthropical—quite the contrary: although naturally of a pensive and reflective nature, his spirit has a gay vivacity which is very charming. His delicate health, which renders it impossible for him to enjoy many of the advantages naturally resulting from his exalted rank, has not saddened him, but has driven him within himself. There is always something in Prince Leopold's bearing which is romantic, not sad, because contented, but breathing a calm which is not natural to one so young—the calm of one who is tired, which is so shocking to behold in one who has not yet begun. Without the worldly wisdom and wit, but with the good heart, of the Prince of Wales, with nothing of the Duke of Edinburgh, and without the open air and cheery frankness of the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold has a charm and fascination of his own which are as delightful as rare to find in persons of his rank.

Princess Beatrice is beyond doubt the cleverest member of the royal family; in fact, we doubt whether there be any unmarried princess living who possesses her amount of mental ability. As a child she simply astonished and nonplussed poor Dean Stanley, who could not answer the shrewd theological riddles offered him by the young Princess for solution. She has one hero and idol, and that hero is her brother, the Prince of Wales. She simply thinks 'Bertie' perfect, and the model of all that is best and good.

Grains of Gold.

He that never thinks can never be wise.

Example is always more efficacious than precept.

One smile for the living is worth a dozen tears for the dead.

Laziness is a premature death. To be in no action, is not to live.

In character, in manners, in style, and in everything the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Men of weak envious, selfish natures are more apt to secretly hate a friend than an acknowledged enemy.

'Tis too much proved, that, with devotion's visage, and pious action, we do sugar o'er the devil himself.

The seal which begins with hypocrisy must conclude with treachery; at first it deceives—at last it betrays.

After friendship and love comes benevolence and that compassion which unites the soul to the unfortunate.

It is better to wear out than to rust out. We must not only strike the iron while it is hot, but strike until it is made hot.

Don't tie yourself to another man's coat-tail, and let him do your own thinking for you, unless you want to be his tool.

Cheerfulness ought to be the companion of their life to the old; age without cheerfulness, is a Lapland winter without a sun.

Don't think that vices of great men are to be imitated. You will find that you have vices enough of your own to occupy your attention.

Ceremony was devised at first to set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes; but where there there is true friendship, there needs none.

The world will never be in any manner of order or tranquility, until men are firmly convinced that conscience, honor, and credit, are all in one interest.

Good pictures are great teachers. A fine work of art hanging in one's house speaks to him constantly in language of tender beauty that wins its way to the heart.

The liberty of using harmless pleasures will not be disputed; but it is still to be examined what pleasures are harmless. The evil of any pleasure is not in the act itself, but in its consequences.

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience, has always in the background the consolation that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend.

Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance, or of stupidity, whenever it would endeavor to please.

Deep in every soul there dwells for ever a witness to the truth whose clear eye and steady voice will see and respond to it wherever it is known. We do not need to implore men to believe the truth; we require only that they shall apprehend it, and then we may defy them to deny it.

Keep the tongue from unkindness. Words are sometimes wounds; not very deep wounds always, and yet they irritate. Speech is unkind sometimes when there is no unkindness in the heart. So much the worse that needless wounds are inflicted; so much the worse that unintentionally pain is caused.

Conceit in the young means the possibility of immortal success, or of ludicrous failure. If there were no conceit among the young, what would there be for the world but decent self seeking respectability? For the gain of the future let us be a little more lenient to conceit than we are, remembering that if without it there need be no lowering of presumption in the dust, there could be no ascension of low-born greatness to the heights.

Wade Hampton has written a letter to Major D. C. Trimble of Baltimore, in which he says that his amputated leg is doing well, and that he soon expects to visit that city.

A budding statesman in the Illinois Senate has distinguished himself in a ferocious attack upon railroad corporations. He says he can remember the time when legislators could go out and shoot deer, elk, antelope, and game of all kinds in sight of the State House, and they could do it now if it was not for the miserable railroads.

Dr. C P. Carver, of Angelica, Allegany county, New York, owns a small road stallion so peculiarly marked that when he buckles a surcingle around him there is not a hair back of it that is not snow white, and not a square inch in front of it that is not a beautiful iron grey. One eye is like that of a white horse, and the other like that of a black horse.

Senator Booth, of California, whose bachelorhood has withstood the wiles of woman for half a century, has been captured at last, so the Washington gossips say, by a demure little widow with a sweet young face and prematurely white hair, to the doors of whose modest lodging-house fate led the Senator in search of "rooms to let." A quiet wedding in early autumn will be the result.

Feminimities.

The Empress of Russia is a confirmed invalid.

All true women want to be patrons of husbandry.

The length of a lady's train should never be under a foot.

Woman was made from man's ribs, eh? Then that accounts for her love of rib-bon(e)s.

Ladies are like violets; the more modest and retiring they appear, the more you love them.

The new style spring hats are so tall that they entirely obstruct the view of the sermon on Sunday.

The puzzle which careful mothers try to solve, is how to train the girls, and how to restrain the boys.

Under the laws of France no girl can marry her uncle, but a nephew can marry all his aunts if he wants to.

A young woman, in returning her beau's ring, sent it to him through the mail, with a tag tied to it, saying on its reverse, "I hate to, but I must."

In every Italian school, public or private, girls are taught to sew and embroider, and as soon as they can take their own dresses to school, to make them themselves.

The latest sensation in Paris is Cora, "the lion's bride." She claims to be an American, and lives in a den with hyenas, bears, lions, and other ferocious beasts.

"Isn't my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "there's a little too much repose about the mouth for it to be natural."

Mrs. Montagu once said, on seeing a very awkward man come into the room, "There is a man who would give one of his hands to know what to do with the other."

A lady writer is out with an article entitled: "How to Catch a Husband." But her theory is all wrong. Ask any married woman how to catch a husband, and she'll reply "by the hair." "They all do it."

There is only one object in the world which will attract a young lady's attention from the handsome young man whom she meets on the street, and that is another woman with a hat two laps ahead of any style she has yet seen.

False modesty frequently deters women from their share of love-making. For fear of being over-bold, they are apt to be over-shy, and thus discourage attentions which they secretly desire. Women are as well entitled as men to express their love, only each sex has its own way—men with words, and women with manners.

The third day of the third month is kept as a special holiday for girls in Japan, and every toy-shop is decorated with large numbers of dolls or hinas, representing the Emperor and Empress, warriors, nobles, bands of musicians, and like personages, and with all kinds of furniture, games and ornaments to suit the size of the dolls.

A lady was entertaining at dinner a stranger who had brought a letter of introduction to her husband, and at the end of the meal coffee was served. The lady asked her guest if he took sugar with his coffee; he replied, "Oh, never, madam: that is to say, hardly ever, unless the coffee is very poor." A few minutes later he said, "Will you please give me a little sugar?"

The most economical of glove cleaners is undoubtedly benzine, when applied as it was by a young lady out West. After putting on one glove, saturating it with the fluid, and rubbing it until it had assumed its pristine beauties, she held the gloved hand over the fire to dry it. Result—She has to buy but half a pair of gloves now—a great saving in time and money.

Just before the public schools of New Haven closed for the vacation, a lady teacher in one of the departments gave out the word "lob" for her class to spell. After it was spelled, as was her custom, she asked the meaning of it. No one knew. The teacher then told the class she had one, and was the only person in the room that had. After a little while a hand went hesitatingly up. "Well what is it?" "Please ma'am, it's a bean."

Every year many of our ladies, not yet touching even middle age, break down from nervous exhaustion, and none of them because of hard labor. On the contrary, it is because all household labor is delegated to servants, and the mistress devotes some part of her time to fancy work, or dressing her children like French dolls; but the rest, and by far the largest portion, to parties, fashionable calls, balls, the opera, theatre—out in heated rooms in excited entertainments till late hours.

Ten thousand English were proposing, at last accounts, to emigrate to the Sandwich Islands.

Liverpool, Eng., has suffered, and still suffers from a terribly high rate of infant mortality. During the past nine years 223 of every 1,000 infants born within the place have died under one year of age. This proportion declined from 230 per 1,000 in the five years 1870-74 to 200 in the more recent four years, 1870-78.

A prisoner, who had been condemned for counterfeiting, was being conveyed from the court in a police van, and finding that the boards forming the flooring of his cell were loosened by repeated kicks, he made the aperture large enough for his body to pass through. He then dropped into the street unobserved by the driver, and has not been heard of since.

One of the small seeds of a grape has caused the death of a resident of San Francisco by lodging in the intestines and forming an abcess. Fatal results, more especially in children, are known frequently to have followed the swallowing of grape seeds, which pass out of the stomach undigested, irritating the small intestines, and producing inflammation.

Mr. Sankey has been permitted to sing and hold meetings in the parish church of Chapel-en-le Frith, Derbyshire, England, where a platform was erected under the chancel arch, and an American organ was placed on it for his use. At this the Ritualistic papers are thoroughly displeased, and have called upon the Bishop of Litchfield to interfere.

Facetiæ.

A sweeping reform—Spring cleaning.

The time that tried men's soles—Pedestrian contests.

When gamblers fail to agree they pour Hoyle on the troubled waters.

Many run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting his hat while it is on his head.

If two inhabitants of Portugal are called Portuguese, would it be proper to allude to one of them as a Portugoose?

A scene in a railway car—Fond wife: "Let me see your paper a moment, dear?" Husband: "Yes, as soon as we get to the tunnel."

Mrs. Partington, speaking of the rapid manner in which evil deeds are perpetrated said that it only required two seconds to fight a duel.

The man who got in a barber's chair, pinned the newspaper round his neck and began to read the towel, may justly be called absent minded.

Old Dobson always boasted that he was always "prepared for the worst," and his neighbors thought he got it when he married his second wife.

Somebody writes to inquire why tapping the face of the barometer makes the hands move. If any one were to tap his face, wouldn't his hand move?

A little boy who was asked if he could tell the length of a whale, said the whales he caught at home seemed more than an hour long sometimes.

Pat Murphy says there are so many fish in the sea that if you should take every fish you could catch out of it, he didn't think there would be one less in it.

A little boy was shown the picture of a martyr thrown to the lions. He startled his friends by shouting: "Ma! O Ma! Just look at that poor little lion way behind there. He won't get any."

A college student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, was asked, "What relations do we most neglect?" He answered with much simplicity "poor relations, sir!"

First Yokel: "What be thee doing of Jeames?"—Second ditto: "Nothing. What be you?"—First ditto: "Minding the children." Second ditto: "Where be they?"—First ditto: "Danged if I know."

"There is a great difference between housekeeping and boarding out," said Mr. Youngbusband; "for when I boarded out, I had to wait sometimes half an hour for my dinner but now I have it just when I can get it."

Mark Twain thinks that soda-water is not reliable for a steady drink. The next morning after drinking thirty-six bottles, he found himself so much larger that he hadn't an article of clothing he could wear except an umbrella.

A Kalamazoo (Mich.) paper announces the death of William Green under the heading "The Pale Horse With its Rider Visits Kalamazoo! And Lays Its Icy Hand on One of Her Best men!!" The "icy hand" of the "Pale Horse" is good.

"Chickens allus come home to roos," is a mighty good prowerb, but dat don't allus apply in dis part, kase I'm been look all day, an' all I kin fin' ob mine dat didn't roos' home las' night war a few fedders in de cullud preacher's do' yard.

A citizen of New Mexico being informed that in his absence a panther had attacked his wife, and she had beaten off and killed the animal, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, "Ef that panther had knowed her as well as I do, he'd a never riled her dander up, you bet."

"Well, how is the spring trade?" said a gentleman to a friend the other day. "Dry goods never brisker," was the reply. "My wife shops all day, every chair in the house is covered with bundles, and I think of sending my pocket-book out of town for change of air—it's so thin."

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, select one whose first husband was hung, for that is the only way to prevent her making annoying comparisons. "Even that wont answer," says Snodgrass, "she'll then praise him, by saying that hanging would be too good for you."

To classical student: "You ask, 'if Atlas supported the world, what supported Atlas?' The question, dear sir, has often been asked, but never, so far as we are aware, satisfactorily answered. We have always been of the opinion that Atlas must have married a rich wife and got his support from her father."

The proprietor of a cafe in Boston has added a dish to his bill of fare which is, judging from his advertisement, decidedly suggestive of cannibalism. After calling attention to his choice wines; cigars, and oysters, the advertisement announces, "Families and parties supplied either in shell, per gallon, or cooked to order."

A little five-year old was sitting with his mother a few days ago, playing at her feet, when suddenly he looked up into her face and said, "Mother, do you know what I want to be when I grow up?" She shook her head. "Well, when I grow up I want to be one of those men who cure corns and have their pictures in the paper."

A restaurateur at Berlin has devised an ingenious plan for keeping his place free from beggars, street nuisances, dead beats and other undesirable customers—he just puts a policeman's hat on a table near the door, and when the undesirable customer looks in it meets his fascinated gaze and he closes the door gently and departs holding his breath.

The surgeon in chief sent for one of his junior assistants, who, hastening to his superior's assistance found him just sitting down to a superb roast fowl and a delicious pate. "Ah, Smith," cries the chief, "have you breakfasted yet?" "No, doctor," replied the assistant radiantly. "Then go and get your breakfast, and come back; you will have plenty of time."

A Cold Seems a Small Affair.—Most people neglect it. Who minds it? Yet a Cold may turn to Consumption, and then follows almost certain death. Take a Cold in time, then; that is, take Dr. D Jayne's Expectorant, the well known standard remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, and your Cold will disappear, as well as all apprehension of danger.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

THERE are many charming accessories made this season in the way of ruffs, frills, waistcoats, bows, scarves, polerines, etc. India muslin and the new crape muslin, trimmed with Breton lace, white and ecru, is the prevailing style. But a vast improvement has been made in imitation lace, as, for example, some very fine reproductions of Venetian, Spanish, and French point, Duchess, Mechlin, and Ferrara, which are largely used, as well as point de Raguse, and it requires a keen eye and accurate knowledge to detect the real from the imitation. The ruffs are made either a la Marie Stuart, with the straight edges sewn together and then double-box plaited (in making these it is necessary to line with a broad piece of net or muslin, or they quickly turn down from the neck); or they consist of three box-plaited rows, standing upwards, with a band of lace round as a finish, studded with steel or diamond stars; or there is a wider gathering of lace turning downwards, and a narrower upwards, divided in the same way. Ruffs and lace plaitings are to be very much worn, and some of them have ribbon run through between the plaits.

Rows of Breton insertion sewn together are made into what are called locket lappets, for tying closely round the neck with low dresses. For mourning and out-door wear, very wide lace scarves of black and white lace, and figured net are worn, and these are bordered with often as many as four rows of two-inch wide gathered lace. Scarf ties of Indian muslin, folded double, are gathered at each end with some three or four runnings, almost like a tassel, the lace at the extreme ends being gathered closely together. Bows of lace and this India and crepe muslin, about four inches across, are made in the butterfly shape. Another favorite style is a bow of the muslin, with a cascade of lace coming six or seven inches below; while others have a twisted end of muslin, on one side knotted, and a cascade of lace on the other; indeed, the variety is endless. A tiny flower, either natural or artificial, is generally now pinned on one of these scarves and bows. One of the newest things for converting an ordinary dress into demi-toilette is an upstanding ruff of lace, with narrow ribbon round it, tied in a bow in front. The lace is then brought down as a double drapery to the waist on one side, while on the other is the cascade of lace, headed by ribbon and lace plaiting: it is carelessly graceful.

Ruffles or sleeves are made to be worn with all these, as a double frill turning towards the wrist, headed by puffings of muslin. Tucks are largely used in silk and muslin scarves.

Fichus draped over the shoulders continue to be made of the fine India muslin, bordered with lace, knotted in front, sometimes with long pendent ends, while others pointed slightly in the centre are tied at the back. Fichus of soft silk, white and colored, will also be worn, and those in netted copeau braid, black, white and colored, which have a most dressy effect.

Waistcoats, to wear with or without jackets over an ordinary bodice, give full-dress appearance at a small cost. They are made of thick white linen, trimmed with lace and embroidery, of black velvet, of India muslin, pulled on to a plain foundation and caught down with pearls at intervals; of Pompadour muslin and cotton, and of the soft washing silks. They reach to the tip of the shoulder, fasten at the back, are narrow at the waist, and terminate in two square ends. They are always bordered all round with lace, having a cascade sometimes down the centre of the front, and an upstanding ruff at the throat. They cover the front of the dress entirely. Sometimes they are made in one piece, of Duchess or Brussels lace. Another style, called waistcoat fichu, is a piece of muslin gathered at the waist like a baby's bodice, a ruff at the throat, a cascade of lace at either side, and bows of lace and ribbon at the waist and neck.

Very handsome waistcoats are also made in red, cream, pink, and blue satin, handsomely embroidered, having jabots of lace down the front, or a Steinkirk tie, often secured by a quaint pin in the form of a lizard, a pipe, a garter, half closed fan, etc., in jewels or enamel.

A return to old modes is indicated by a large collar, which is made in Paris either of the same material as the dress, or of lawn and lace. It turns over in points, and is so high and spreading that it has to be kept out in its place by fine wire; a lace ruff and ribbon complete it at the neck. Both for children and grown-up people, almost any kind of large square collar or bib is admissable. Not a week since, the falling band of James I's time was adopted by two or three of our women of fashion at an afternoon party. It was made in linen, bordered with Italian cut work, and evidently copied from an old picture. Lace with the pattern outlined in gold and silver, is now made into close-plaited ruffs, and worn with the fashionable high bodices with dinner toilettes.

There is a decided novelty in handkerchiefs this year—viz., cambric delicately embroidered with scallops and borders in pink and blue, brown and pink, and various mixtures to match the Pompadour costumes. They are further edged with Breton lace. These are also made up into caps, square collars with ends, and many sorts of bows. For young ladies' dress handkerchiefs a new mode of trimming has been introduced, a sort of three-sided scallop, bordered with insertion and lace beyond. Also Breton insertion and lace as borderings sewn on quite plain, except at the corners, where it is very much fulled.

These et ceteras of dress give finish and style to a toilette, and, with a little ingenuity, most of them can be made at home. Ruches, bows and waist coats are ladies' work, and well repay the trouble.

For ordinary balls white Indian muslin dresses lavishly trimmed with plaitings of Breton lace are very fashionable. The more costly ones are embroidered with silver, which has an exquisite effect. Besides Breton lace, Breton insertion, and any number of bows, loops and ends of gay brocaded ribbons, or else of rich satin ribbons are used. Loops of cream satin ribbon are especially effective in conjunction with Breton lace. Black Breton lace used alternately with white looks well on these white muslins, the square bodice and elbow sleeves being further ornamented with blush roses. By the way, the newest designs in this popular lace consists of large floral patterns, more like embroidery, instead of mere darning, as has been worn. The combination of black and white Breton lace also looks stylish on ecru and pale blue demi-toilettes.

Among some of the costumes recently displayed, the following were especially notable Ecru Indian Batiste, made with a round tunic in front, edged with Breton lace. This tunic only reaches to the knee, and a Batiste flounce ornamented with two cascades of Breton lace terminates the skirt. Above the flounce there is a wide scarf of amethyst velvet slightly draped, the lace edging the tunic falling over the velvet. Velvet bands alternating with bands of fine embroidery are on one side of the skirt, the back of the tunic forming paniers mixed with Breton lace. Batiste bodice, with narrow front of amethyst velvet; the basque opening at the back with a velvet bow, and similar bows and lace on the sleeves.

Fireside Chat.

HINTS ABOUT UTILIZING PEACOCK FEATHERS.

THE beauty of feathers, the vividness and delicacy of their coloring, the changefulness of their hues, their lightness and flexibility, have marked them out for ornament and decoration in every state of society, and in every climate, from the earliest days to the nineteenth century, and from Paris to Peru. The feather fans of the papal processions—which, we may remark in passing, are not of white peacocks', but of white ostrich feathers, with peacocks' eyes sewn on—are but a survival of the *flabella* of Roman and Etruscan rites, a handle of one of the latter, from an Etruscan tomb, which is identical in form with the papal, being preserved in the Vatican Museum. Feathers have been turned to every account, from the feather mantles of ancient Mexico to the feathers of Madeira; but of all the modes in which they have been used nothing has ever been so elaborate as the Mexican featherwork, which so excited the admiration of the Spanish conquerors of the country. Of this Prescott writes, in his "History of the Conquest:" "The art in which they most delighted was their *plumage*, or feather work. With this they could produce all the effect of the most beautiful mosaic. The gorgeous plumage of the tropical birds, especially of the parrot tribe, afforded every variety of color, and the fine down of the humming-bird, which revelled in swarms among the honeysuckle bowers of Mexico, supplied them with soft aerial tints that gave an exquisite finish to the picture. The feathers, pasted on a fine cotton web, were wrought into dresses for the wealthy, into hangings for apartments, and ornaments for temples. No one of the American fabrics excited such admiration in Europe, whither numerous specimens were sent by the conquerors. It is to be regretted that so graceful an art should have been suffered to fall into decay. There is still one place," he adds; "Palzquaro, where, according to Bustamente, they preserve some knowledge of this interesting art, though it is practised on a very limited scale and at great cost."

But while we cannot hope to rival or even approach the Mexicans in our work, we may turn even common feathers to account in a variety of ways over and above the ordinary modes of using them for dress and ornament. Yet, while they are eminently adapted for many purposes, and may easily be dyed, they are utterly unsuitable for being gilded or silvered. Nothing in its use should ever have destroyed the characteristics on which its specific beauty depends. Feathers may perhaps be copied in the precious metals, or in bronze, but the copy should be conventionalized, rather than aim at a successful attempt at direct imitation.

Feather trimming has of late years been extensively used, almost any kind of feather, skilfully arranged and combined, being available for it. I have seen a beautiful muff and tippet made from white goose feathers, with brightly-colored feathers arranged among them in a pattern. In these, as in other things, however, much depends on the great skill and taste of the worker, and on the originality of the idea. A band of gallina or ptarmigan feathers is exquisite in its shades of grey, and the most brilliant is a border of lopophore—the metallic green in the centre, and the bronze blue at the edge.

A dress trimmed with peacocks' feathers, is eminently out of place when trailing on a pavement, or on a railway platform; but in their right place nothing is so decorative as the feathers of the peacock, which for all time have stood as the very type of brilliant beauty. And since the art world received its impulse towards delight in color, artists of every school, of every cast of mind have found in portraying them the expression of their most passionate love. We may not linger with the emerald peacock, which blazes on the Shah's throne, nor with the peacocks which were brought to bear their part in the "glory" of King Solomon; for we have to make some suggestions for the use of peacocks' feathers in a humbler guise, and point out one or two of the many ways in which they can be arranged for decoration. A border can have a central line of eyes, edged with the golden green feathers of the back, and, if width is desired, a second line can be added of the neck feathers. A beautiful narrow table border can be made in this way, or of back or eye feathers separately. The foundation of all feather-work in which the ground is not seen, should be white or dark calico, and the feathers should be sewn down as tightly as possible without breaking them, and overlap each other as closely as they do in nature. The thread for sewing should not be too long, as it is apt to tangle. For a broad border a piece of scarlet or caroubier cloth or cashmere, a quarter of a yard in depth, should be taken. A line must be drawn half an inch from the top and bottom, and the centre traced with a diamond pattern, the upper and lower angles of which should be rather more than an inch from the bordering lines. On all the traced lines a black tape, a quarter of an inch wide, is run at both edges. A single row of the back feathers is next sewn upon the upper tape, and on the diamonds a row of neck feathers, all lying one way and as closely over each other as possible. The border will now be completed with the addition of a row of back feathers along the lower tape, but it may be made more effective if in each angle of the diamond is put an eye feather cut short, the quills being pared thin, and tacked and firmly fastened under the neck feathers, and meeting in the centre so as to form a sort of quatrefoil figure. The backle of the eyes will require some trimming at the sides, and eye feathers not being all of the same size, the quatrefoils may be made alternately of larger and smaller ones.

A still more elaborate border is made on cloth of the same width either caroubier, dark green, or Venetian blue. The tape is run for the upper and lower edge as in the last, but it is covered with neck feathers, and in the centre an upright horseshoe pattern, such as is often seen in Indian work, is traced. Upon this gold braid, a quarter of an inch wide, is run, and each horseshoe is filled with three feathers, an eye, having some of the backle trimmed, being in the centre, and a back feather or very small eye on either side. Either of these designs will make a bracket, or the horseshoe pattern may be made of neck feathers, having in each horseshoe a tuft of backle, from which radiates a star of five or six beetles' wings.

Feather-work would be unsuitable for a curtain that is often drawn to and fro, but a handsome portiere may be ornamented with peacocks' feathers on marone, caroubier, or dark blue or green cloth or velvet. The border may be either of those we have described, the centre be paresme, with groups of alternately five and three feathers, arranged something in fleur de lys form. In the former an eye feather, eight inches long, for the centre, on either side one of six inches, and outside these another of three inches; in the latter an eye feather of four inches long for the centre, with a back feather on either side. The eye feathers must all be slightly trimmed to shape, but the backle at the end should be left intact, as much of the beauty of the peacock's eye depending upon it as of the human eye upon the eyelash. The ends of the quills must be pared, to lie flat, and finished with beetles' wings and a fillet with long ends embroidered in gold twist. The groups are worked separately on black linen, which is cut out as clearly as possible, and afterwards they are mounted on the portiere at the distance apart of one third, or one and a half their height and width. Small feathers of any kind may be used for bordering circular handscreens. Only one sort, however, should be in each border. The centre, having been worked in silk or satin, it is made up. Then, as close round the edge as possible a row of snips is made with sharp pointed scissors, or of small holes with a stiletto, into each of which the end of a feather, dipped in thick gum tragacanth is inserted. Inside this is a second row alternating with the first and so on until the border is of the requisite width, the inner edge being finished with a row of down feathers. And, having come to our inner edge, I leave the subject, hoping that in time our readers may approach the Mexicans in the beauty of their work.

In answer to an inquiry concerning May baskets, B. J. W. kindly sends the following: The custom of hanging May baskets is, or was, a provincial custom, incident to the "Pine Tree State;" whether it was in the rest of New England, I do not know. It consisted in hanging a basket of artistic make and design, filled with the first flowers of spring, to the door-knob of the house, where some favorite of the giver resided, labelled with his or her name; and where the family boasted of a goodly number of young folks, it was not unusual for the door to swing open in the morning laden with these floral offerings. The baskets were made of parti colored papers, or some fragile substance, and often showed great skill and taste in their design and composition. They were generally filled with trailing arbutus, or May flower, as it was called, violets, and other early flowers.

They were the work of the fair sex, who usually made one for their brothers to hang for themselves, and one for the maker. The custom was to surreptitiously hang them during the last night in April, leaving the recipient to conjecture whom the giver might have been; but, like the valentine, there were generally "ear marks" that betrayed them. The feminine tact in making could not be so disguised but what some of the fair sex could detect the individual handiwork, and of course their brothers would soon gather the benefit of their conclusions. The beauty of the custom was, they never perverted it to the comic or uncomplimentary. Whether the custom has become obsolete or not, I do not know, but twenty years ago it was in full vogue.

Congressman Bright is so methodical that he goes by the name of "Aunt Susan."

English, not German, is spoken in the home of the Crown Prince of Germany.

A young American of nineteen, at Christ church, Oxford, passing the second examination there a few days ago with much credit, was publicly complimented therefore by the Dean.

The Cambridge (Md) News says that the sparrows do not destroy the peach buds, but that they do destroy the larvæ of insects that would, if left alone, greatly damage the trees on maturing into grubs.

Tomato canners in the lower part of Harford county, Maryland, are busy preparing for the coming season. Contracts have been made to supply tomatoes to factories at from 15 to 20 cents per bushel.

Oysters are never eaten in their fresh state in Cuba. After being taken from the shell they are plunged into boiling water, then exposed to the sun until thoroughly dried. In such condition they retain their delicacy and native flower for a long time.

One of the most universal of the countless superstitions of South Africa is the belief in "rain-making," a power attributed to certain famous native sorcerers, who go from tribe to tribe, feasted and rewarded while the illusion lasts, and not unfrequently murdered as soon as it is exploded.

It is stated that a Minnesota miller has invented an entirely new process of grinding wheat, which does away with the millstones now in use, and substitutes therefor a vertically running granite disc in direct combination with a circular segment of French burr. This new process produces 80 per cent. of middlings.

News Notes.

A dozen seals have been shot in the Delaware this Spring.

Drunkenness is increasing alarmingly in the Belgian army.

A ring in the nose is the complete fighting uniform of the Zulus.

Ice is now manufactured in Tennessee and Georgia at 1 cent per pound.

Five Newark, N. J., firms are now sending axes and hatchets to Mexico.

A woman in Mount Sterling, Ky., has been married six years and has three children.

Several iron furnaces in and around Pittsburg long out of blast have resumed operations.

Prince Milan, the uneasy occupant of the Servian throne, is said to be a very fat little fellow.

A Sheriff's officer in Greenfield, Mass., attached the clothes of a debtor's wife and little child.

As weapons of assassination revolvers are rapidly replacing the time-honored stiletto in Italy.

The monarchs of Russia, Austria and Spain will assist at Emperor William's golden wedding.

A London chemist has named his five daughters Glycerine, Pepsine, Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphia.

Some of the Canadian youth, despising walking-matches, are engaged in matches at wood-sawing.

Thousands die annually from some form of kidney disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of Hop Bitters.

It is stated that the real object of Garibaldi's visit is to pass the last moments of his life in the capital of Rome.

The Pope has consented personally to confirm the three children of Don Carlos, whom he has taken to Rome.

Stimulate the Sluggish Kidneys.

In addition to its tonic and cathartic properties, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exercises a beneficial influence upon the kidneys and bladder, when they are inactive, by stimulating them to renewed exertion, thus reopening, as it were, a sluice for the escape of impurities whose regular channel of exit is the organs of urination. Among these are certain abnormal and inflammatory elements, productive of irreparable injury to the system if not entirely expelled. The kidneys and bladder themselves are also benefited by this stimulus, as their inactivity is usually a preliminary to their disease and disorganization. They also experience, in common with other portions of the system, the potent invigorative effects of the Bitters, which further corrects manifold conditions of the stomach, bowels and liver.

Latest Styles in Corsets.

Corsets with full busts continue favorites with the best dressed ladies, as they give a style to the figure not otherwise obtained. These busts are now stiffened with Tampico Grass cloth, in place of bones, which makes them much more elegant and desirable.

Another new and very popular feature of many corsets is that the bones upon the sides run horizontally around the body. This makes the corset more comfortable, and entirely obviates the breaking of the bones over the hips, which is such an annoyance to many ladies.

It is a deserving tribute to American enterprise that Warner Bros., of New York, who were the first to introduce both these features in corsets, were awarded a medal at the recent Paris Exposition. These corsets created great interest among French manufacturers, and no doubt explained to them why it is that America has almost ceased to buy foreign corsets.

Loss of Vital Force.

As is well known, the tendency in all acute or chronic forms of disease is towards debility and loss of vital force, which always retards convalescence, and renders a return to health uncertain or impossible. After medicine has done its work of breaking the disease, and the physician leaves, as he must, to nature the business of repair and restoration, he too often finds that nature acts so feebly, and builds again so slowly that the period of convalescence is frequently prolonged through many weary months, while in many cases the old vitality is never restored and the patient sinks into a state of permanent invalidism. To meet this condition of low vitality, the "Compound Oxygen," which acts directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more efficient, vigorous, and active, and capable of generating more and more of the vital forces, which are life and health, offers an agent of help and restoration which acts promptly and surely. Our Treatise on "Compound Oxygen," its nature, action, and results, gives the amplest information in regard to this new treatment for chronic diseases, which is being rapidly introduced in all parts of the country. This treatise is sent free. Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

Doctor's Bills

Saved by using M'Clelland's Homeopathic Remedies. They are prepared expressly for Families. Put up in neat one dollar cases and contains twelve (12) of the most prominent medicines with description of disease and full directions for use. We want an agent in every town and county to sell our remedies. Sample case with terms to agents sent, charges paid, for one dollar. Address McCLELLAND & CO.,

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.
FOURTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.
NEW YORK, March 4, 1875.

Messrs. Samuel Garry & Co.:

A lotion ("SAPANULE") manufactured by you, has been given to me for the purpose of testing its curative effects on mankind and animals.

I have not had occasion to apply it to the latter, but I have done so to myself, and have received immediate relief.

Being an animal myself, I have every reason to believe that brute creatures would experience similar benefit from its use.

This Society will so employ it whenever the necessity shall present itself; and in the meantime I commend it to the patronage of all having need of relief from suffering.

HENRY BERGH, President.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of vitality, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

DR. C. W. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price 50 cts.; postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.

HEARING RESTORED. Great invention by one who was deaf for 20 years. Send stamp for particulars. JNO. GARMORE, Lock Box 905, Covington, Ky.

No good health with thin impure blood. Hop Bitters makes rich blood, good health and strength.

A GOOD PLAN

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method, which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of largest capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and co-operated as a mighty whole, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount, from $5 to $5,000, or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. Baptist Weekly, September 26th, 1878, says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $250, or 7 per cent. $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent. on the stock, during the month, according to the market." Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper June 29th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." New York Independent, Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." Brooklyn Journal, April 30th: "Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 from $20 in one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s combinations." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

$50 to $1,000

Can be made by either sex in every county in the United States. For circulars, etc., enclose two three-cent stamps to

J. M. DOWNING,
720 Sansom St.,
Phila.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York.

JAMES H. BUNN,

Wall Paper & Window Shade Depot,

TWENTY-SECOND AND CHESTNUT STS.,

PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—Orders by Mail and Decorative Work promptly attended to, in person.

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PARSON'S LAWS OF BUSINESS

The most valuable work of the kind published. Indorsed as such by CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE, HON. ALEX. H. STEPHENS, HON. STANLEY MATTHEWS and others. An accurate and plain epitome of all the Laws of all the States up to 1879, enabling every man to be his own ready lawyer. It sells at sight. For extra terms and exclusive territory, address, JONES BROS., & CO., No. 1003 Arch St., Philadelphia.

BUTTERCUPS' SONG (Pinafore), Nancy Lee, Whos Emma? A Warrior Bold, We'd Better Bide a Wee, Janet's Choice, Letter in the Candle; Home, Sweet Home, Killarney, You and I, Good-bye, Sweetheart, Helter Skelter Galop, Blue Danube Waltzes (3 Nos.,) Cecilia March, Black-key Mazurka, Merry Party Waltz, Speak to Me, When the corn is Waving, Katy's Letter. Popular music. Each Sets, any 5 for 25, or 13 for 50cts. Stamps taken in pay. Address Publishers W. B. Boner & Co., Agts., 1102 Chestnut st., Phila.

Dr. Seymour, Graduate of Medicine and Pharmacy. Drug Store, N. W. cor. Thirteenth and Brown Sts., Phila., guarantees an absolute cure in Scrofula, Syphilitic and Urinary Diseases, in Catarrh, Piles, Nervous Debility and all Skin and Hair Troubles, Irregularities, Loss of Vitality, Female Complaints etc. No clerks. Advice free.

ELECTRIC BELTS.

A sure cure for nervous debility, premature decay exhaustion, etc. The only reliable cure. Circulars mailed free. Address J. E. REEVES, 42 Chatham St., N. Y.

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1 PACK 52 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c.; 2 packs 50c.; Coe & Co., Northford, Conn.

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50 CHROMO, Gold-Border &c. 10c. no 2 alike or 20 cupid cards 10c. J. S. HUSTED, Nassau N. Y.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. 50 cents per bottle.

Dr. RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,
SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,
NO IT SEATED IN THE
Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Douloureux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

Liver Complaint, Etc.

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, etc.

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OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED

—BY—

DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

DR. RADWAY & CO.

32 Warren Street, New York.

The Progress Coffee Pot!

Economy! Satisfaction!! Saves one-fourth the coffee; boils without loss of aroma; makes better beverage, source of comfort and profit to the family; will save its cost every three months, besides the usual grumbling and disappointment over spoiled coffee. Factory 405 N. 8th St., Phila. Agents wanted.

OPIUM Habit cured at Home. No publicity. Cure painless. Terms reasonable. Time short. Tenth year of unparalelled success. 1,000 testimonials. State your case and address

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$25 to $5000 Judicious investment in Wall St. lays the foundation for substantial fortunes every week, and yields an immense percentage of profits by the New Capitalization System of operating in Stocks. Full explanation on application to ADAMS, BROWN & Co., Bankers, 26 & 28 Broad St., New York City.

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We will pay Agents a Salary of $100 per month and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new and wonderful inventions. We mean what we say. Sample free. Address SILLERMAN & CO., Marshall, Mich.

Hires' Improved Package makes 5 gallons of a delicious drink—healthy and strengthening. Ask your druggist for it. Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Manufactured only by CHAS. E. HIRES, 218 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. **ROOT BEER**

ANY LADY or Gent that sends us their address will receive something of great value free, by mail. Only about 200 left.

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$10 to $1000 Invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything.

Address BAXTER & Co., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

BUY ONLY THE PRESIDENT LAWN Mower. It is the best to use; does not get out of order; warranted and for sale by Priest, Page & Co. Howe Scale Warehouse, 312 Market Street.

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50 PERFUMED Chromo Scroll, Transparent & Flirtation cards, name in gold and jet, 10c. Outfit 10c. Agents wanted. Royal Card Co. Northford Ct.

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50 Perfumed Snowflake Chromo, Motto &c. cards no 2 alike, name in gold and jet 10 cents. O. A. SPRING & Co., E. Wallingford, Conn.

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60 CHROMO and Perfumed cards, no 2 alike, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. CLINTON BROS, Clintonville, Conn.

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50 Gold, Chromo, Basket, etc., Cards, 30 styles with name, 10c. Stamps taken. W. H. Moore, Brockport, N. Y.

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1 PACK 52 French Transparent Cards, securely sealed, postpaid, 30c., 2 packs 50c. Alling & Co., Durham, Ct.

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50 Nice Assorted Scroll Cards, in different colors, 10c. postpaid. Scroll Card Co., Westville, Conn.

HALF POUND assorted Books and Magazines, mailed, only 15c., by W. J. MOODY, Pub. Reno Pa.

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50 Snowflake, Chromo, etc. CARDS, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. U. S. Card Co. Northford, Conn.

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18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards with name, 10c. postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

NIGHT SCENES, 6 for 15c. sent by mail sealed. GILBERT & CO., North Chatham, N. Y.

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Having Purchased a large stock of very desirable goods, at the present low prices, we are offering them at corresponding rates.

SPRING PRICES:

DRESS SUITS,	$60 00	PANTS,	$10 00
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SILVER WARE

Made and Sold only by NATIONAL SILVER-PLATING CO.
EUROPEAN TOURISTS PREFER IT TO ALL OTHERS.
FAMILIES SUPPLIED DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY
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Coin-Silver-Plated Tea Spoons, 75c. for a Set of Six.
Send for **handsome Illustrated Catalogue** just out, mailed free on application to National Silver-Plating Co., 704 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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JOHN WANAMAKER,

THE
Unparalleled Success of
The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

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THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

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Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

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7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. 9

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DYSPEPSIA CAN BE CURED!

DIGESTIQUE POWDERS.

A SPECIFIC FOR DYSPEPSIA THAT CAN BE CONFIDENTLY RELIED UPON TO ERADICATE THE DISEASE AND REMEDY ALL ITS HARASSING SYMPTOMS.

No disease is so widely prevalent as Dyspepsia, none is characterized by such a variety of harassing symptoms. Heartburn, Nausea, Acidity, Waterbrash, oppression at the pit of the stomach after meals, and a sinking sensation in that organ between them, colicky pains, nervousness inability to sleep, sick headache, palpitation of the heart and vertigo are the more prominent indications of the malady, but in addition to these it gives rise to a host of odd sensations, which are utterly indescribable.

READ THE FOLLOWING.

"GENTS:— "*Philadelphia, Jan. 25th 1878.*

"It is with great pleasure that I am now able to inform you that the 'Digestique Powders' have *entirely cured me of Dyspepsia.* For the past six years it has troubled me so that everything I eat, no matter how light, or how small the quantity, filled me with wind and pain, followed by waterbrash, heartburn and belching. The 'Digestique Powders' are the only medicine, and I *have used many* that have given me any relief, and they *have completely cured me.* I have had no trouble to sleep since the first dose, and can now eat anything I want without trouble. Shall be glad to recommend them to my friends.

"E. A. CURRIE, *No. 1245 Cass Street.*"

"*Philadelphia, Dec. 31st, 1877.*

"I take pleasure in recommending 'Digestique Powders' as a specific for dyspepsia. I have tried them *and can attest their efficacy and curative powers* for this prevailing disease.

"LEWIS G. WUNDER, *Chief Clerk of the Phila. Post Office.*"

"DIGESTIQUE POWDERS" are not sold by Druggists, but will be sent by mail to any part of the country, on receipt of the Price, One Dollar a box. All orders sent to the care of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, will receive prompt attention.

CURE BY ABSORPTION

We do not care to ask readers to act contrary to their judgment as to what is good for them, but when you think you have sufficiently taxed your stomach by pouring into it nauseous drugs, turn your attention to that GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY,

"SAPANULE"

Get a bottle and test its marvellous power. It reaches every part of the organism, cleansing away all obstructions, drawing inflamed and impoverished blood from weak and diseased parts to the surface, and by absorption returning the life-current purified to sustain and strengthen. Inflammation cannot live where SAPANULE is applied. It is a certain and prompt cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO or BACKACHE, and HEADACHE. No preparation ever offered to the public is so prompt and sure to Curing and Healing all accidents to the living organism. Wounds, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, new or old; Chilblains, Cold Sores, Boils, Piles of all kinds, Burns and Scalds, Bleeding and all accidents, and diseases of the Head, Body or Feet, "SAPANULE" at once relieves and cures. Try it, and if not satisfied to call for your money and get it.

PINT and QUART BOTTLES 50 cents & $1.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LAZELL, MARCH & GARDINER, Wholesale Agents,

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237 Broadway, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER

The Easiest, Simplest, the Best.

This machine embraces all the advantages of a light and durable Lawn Mower. Points of superiority claimed.

Lightness combined with strength in construction; easiness of adjustment; easiness in steering and adjusting the handle; the least liability to obstruction from clogging, either in short or high grass; lightness or easiness of running whilst being worked; its attractive appearance. Every machine warranted. Send for circulars.

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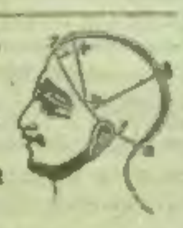

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear, round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

THE GYROCHROME;

—OR—

Prismatic Top,

A new mechanical toy which pleases the artistic eye, as well as that of childhood. Will spin from 10 to 20 minutes according to the force used in starting it. No limit to the number of its color changes; it is impossible to produce the same combination of colors twice. Made entirely of metal it cannot be broken, while its countless changes make it always a new toy, and a source of infinite amusement. Price 25 cents. By mail 35 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. Agents Wanted

American Manufacturing Co.,

120 EXCHANGE PLACE, PHILA.

SAVE A DOLLAR!!

The Egyptian Fever, Ague and Liver Pad

is without any exception the best Pad in existence for the cure and prevention of all malarious diseases and the most wonderful medical discovery of the age. No medicine required. Cures by absorption. Send for pamphlet, which gives certificates of extraordinary cures performed by this Pad, mailed free. Ask your Druggist for the **Egyptian Pad** and take no other; if he has none, I will send you one by mail on receipt of price, $1. JOSEPH FLEMING, 84 Market street, Pittsburgh Pa. Sole Agent for the United States.

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

now used in

DR. WARNER'S HEALTH CORSET

and Skirt Supporter are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are cool, easy, flexible and contain no bones.

The FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET.

(120 bones) fits with perfect ease and is Warranted not to break over the hips.

Price, - - $1.25.

For Sale by leading Merchants.

WARNER BRO'S,

351 Broadway, New York.

JUDGE

For Yourself

By sending 25 cents with age, height color of eyes and hair, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. Address W. Fox, Box 31, Fultonville, N. Y.

Notice!

In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.

Notice!

Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells ***in Clothing alone.*** Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.

Notice!

New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.

Notice!

Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.

A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market Streets.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

THE AMERICAN — TRADE — MARK — THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PAD COMPANY.

THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS

act by the natural law of absorption upon the parts over which they are placed; the medicinal qualities they contain passing into the circulation through the pores of the skin. They

ABSOLUTELY PREVENT Fever and Ague and all diseases arising from a deranged condition of the Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Stomach or Blood. **THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PADS**

are Purely Vegetable, harmless, and effective and will **POSITIVELY CURE** any deranged condition of the system, whether arising from malarial or other causes, including Fever and Ague, Bilious or other Fevers, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Skin Diseases, Jaundice, Female Complaints and Irregularities and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Genital Organs, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, etc., etc. Our Pads are an absolute specific in all cases arising from a deranged condition of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Prices

Liver and Stomach Pads, $1.25, 1.50, 2.00; Kidney Pads, $2.
Chest and Lung Pads, $1.50, 2.00, 3.00; Abdominal Pads, $2.
Foot Pads from 50 Cents to $2.

Put up in neat boxes containing full directions, and sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price. For Pads or Circulars address

THE AMERICAN ABSORPTIVE PAD CO.,

1026 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents wanted in every city and town where we are not represented.

15 Inches Long. 13 Inches Wide. 18 Inches High.

☞ The Most Wonderful Musical Instrument of the Age. ☜

THE PHONOGRAPHIC UPRIGHT PIANO.

WHICH PLAYS ANY TUNE THAT HAS EVER BEEN WRITTEN, IN A PURELY MECHANICAL MANNER, ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE WONDERFUL PHONOGRAPH. The Phonographic Upright Piano is exactly represented by these engravings, and is probably the MOST WONDERFUL INSTRUMENT THAT HUMAN INGENUITY HAS EVER PRODUCED. The action is purely mechanical in every sense, and A CHILD OF TEN YEARS can play it as well as the most thorough musician. The cut showing the rear view of the instrument, gives a perfect idea of the principle—a long, endless (continuous) strip of prepared paper, in which the tune has been perforated is inserted between the rollers, and the door then closed; a small crank propels the strip of paper through the instrument, and as its passage over the keyboard the rows of strikers press through the perforations as they pass, the other end of the keys then strike the bars and produce the music, which is clear, loud and extremely sweet and melodious, and for QUALITY of music the Phonographic Upright Piano is unequalled. The most difficult waltzes and marches being played equally as well as a simple tune, and ANYONE can play it and UNDERSTAND IT, and IT WILL NEVER GET OUT OF TUNE, which is one of the strongest points in its favor. In point of execution it will compare favorably with a $100 music box, and far better than any music box, the number of tunes it will play is ABSOLUTELY UNLIMITED. Everybody who has seen it is delighted with it, and musicians themselves praise it. At a family party it will furnish all the music required for dancing or accompaniments for singing. A fine selection of tunes go with each instrument; over 100 pieces of the most popular music have been adapted to the Phonographic Upright Piano, and new pieces will be furnished as fast as they come out at 5 CENTS PER TUNE. The Phonographic Upright Piano is finished in imitation of rose wood, with panels, handsome scroll work, and medallion head, and is an ornament to any room. There is scarcely anyone who does not like music in the house, and to the thousands who possess no piano, as well as to those who cannot play, the Phonographic Piano will fill a long-felt want. With it you always have ANY KIND of music for ANY occasion, and it will afford genuine enjoyment far beyond its cost. They will be sent by express to any address on receipt of price, $6. A discount to the trade in dozen lots only. EVERY ONE WARRANTED. Be sure to ask for the UPRIGHT Phonographic Piano.

THEO. J. HARBACH, Manufacturer's Gen'l Agent, 809 Filbert St., Phil'a, Pa.

THREE TUNES ACCOMPANY EACH INSTRUMENT.

Answers to Inquirers.

E. (Freeport, Pa.)—It is not proper to use slang of any kind.

A. W. (Rutland, Vt.)—We know nothing of the parties to whom you allude.

H. J. (Coshocton, O.)—The name Anne signifies proud. The name George means a husbandman or tiller of the ground.

E. V. (Phila., Pa.)—It is impossible to alter the color of a very red face, no external applications being of the least use.

F. U. (Ulster, N. Y.)—Clipping the ends of the eye lashes every six weeks with a pair of very small scissors will encourage their growth.

J. (Kennebec, Me.)—If you do not want your lover to wear the smoking cap which the "other young lady" gave him, you should frankly tell him so.

L. O. (New York, N. Y.)—Both the French and Flemish languages are spoken in Belgium. Of the three languages, German is the most difficult to learn.

A. J. (Lawrence, Tenn.)—It matters but little that the gentleman should be several years older than yourself, provided a sincere attachment subsists between you.

L. (Warne, Mich.)—"Stabat mater" is pronounced as if spelt stah-baht mah-ter. "Les Cloches de Corneville," lay-kloch duh kof-ne-ville, as nearly as we can give it.

H. N. (Holmes, Mich.)—You should obtain an introduction to the lady through the medium of some mutual friend. You cannot, with any degree of propriety, introduce yourself.

I. D. (La Porte, Ind.)—There can be true poetry without rhyme. Milton's "Paradise Lost," one of the first poems in the world, is in blank verse. There is much exquisite poetry in the Bible.

G. W. C. (Undercoat, N. J.)—The problem you speak of was given for solution to our readers, and as yet it seems to have baffled them. When we receive what appears to be a satisfactory answer we will publish it.

R. R. (Powell, Kans.)—To define the exact difference between the passions and emotions of a man would require an essay, and a long one at that, on the subject, and we have not room for it in this column.

F. H. (Livingston, La.)—A youth who is "deeply in love with a young lady, and wants to marry, but on account of his age and situation cannot do so," should wait patiently until his age and situation take a turn in his favor.

H. C. (Phila., Pa.)—The lenses of microscopes and telescopes are made in England, America, Germany and elsewhere. The description of the manner in which they are constructed would occupy too much space in this column.

T. P. (Montgomery, Ill.)—Hard water contains lime and certain salts which render it difficult to wash with. These are not found in soft water. Rain water is always soft, while that drawn from deep wells is apt to be hard.

AUNT, (Cheshire, N. H.)—There cannot be the slightest doubt that the reading of the Bible in the family circle, and the regular custom of family prayer, have an excellent effect on children if they be done in the right spirit.

Q. L. (Polo, Wis.)—We think the young lady was quite justified in both the steps she has undertaken. It argues a proper pride in herself, neither to make an appointment nor enter into a correspondence with a gentleman merely on a first acquaintance at an evening party.

W. M. (Chester, Pa.)—One or two pipes of tobacco may be very injurious to one person, and not at all to another. Youths should not smoke on any account. In fact, smoking ought only to be indulged by persons of vigorous constitution, and only in great moderation by them.

J. B. (Desha, Ark.)—A young man of delicate constitution should eat nutritious food, but not rich dishes. Mutton and beef should constitute the staple of his dinners. Cocoa is better for breakfast than tea or coffee. He should not smoke nor drink spirits, and he should keep good hours.

A. (Green, Ga.)—So far as we can make out from what you have written, we think the young man does not love the girl. It would appear, however, since she has not spoken to her parents or brother of his conduct, that she is too much interested in his favor. Your own duty in the matter is plain.

U. S. (Manlius, Pa.)—The meaning of the initial letters I. H. S., which you see frequently on the covers of Bibles, prayer-books, pulpits, altar cloths, &c., is "Jesus Hominum Salvator" in Latin. In English, "Jesus, Saviour of Mankind." The letter J in Latin was formerly expressed by the letter I.

R. R. (Brunswick, Va.)—The steamship Great Eastern is 680 feet long, 83 feet wide, 58 feet deep, 28 feet draught of water, and of 24,000 tons measurement. The boilers have over 90,000 feet of heating surface. There are four paddles, and four screw engines; and these engines were designed to develop 10,000 horse power.

J. F. (Phila., Pa.)—Magnesia, when taken in small quantities is wholesome for persons who are troubled with acidity of the stomach; and it has some partial tendency towards clearing the complexion. But it must not be used to excess. We know nothing about the other articles you mention. Ask any good druggist.

A. S. (Calhoun, Mich.)—The number of cables crossing the Atlantic ocean at different points is quite large. The principal ones from this country are connected with St. John's, Newfoundland, and Valentia, Ireland, and the Island of St. Pierre, Newfoundland, and Brest, France. 2. "Penkivel" is pronounced Penk-ivel, the accent on the first syllable.

SUNSCHOOLS, (Lincoln, O.)—You could very easily learn to read French correctly in a few months' time, by means of a grammar and dictionary. Ollendorff's system is the cheapest and best. It may be procured for about one dollar. An abridged dictionary would cost three or four dollars at any large bookstore. If you cannot obtain them where you are, we will get them for you by your forwarding the price.

E. D. (Baltimore, Md.)—No woman without pity in her heart is fit to become the companion of any man. You may admire in your wife beauty, amiability, sprightliness, wit, accomplishments, wealth, and learning, but if that wife has no higher love than herself or yourself, she is no fit companion for life. She cannot lead you to look above mean aims and objects; she cannot properly educate her children; she cannot, in hours of adversity, sustain and comfort you; and she cannot bear with patience your petulance produced by the cares and vexations of business.

RECITE, (Surry, N. C.)—Paul Revere was born in Boston, 1735, died there 1818. On the night of April 18, 1775, when General Gage had prepared an expedition to destroy the colonial stores at Concord, Gen. Warren, at 10 o'clock P. M., despatched Revere, by way of Charlestown, to give warning. Five minutes before Gen. Gage's order was received to allow no American to leave Boston, Revere was rowed across Charles River, and escaping pursuit, rode in the still night to Lexington, rousing every house on his way. He reached Lexington a little after midnight.

G. S. (Butler, Pa.)—A dutiful daughter is more apt to make a good wife than an undutiful one. The fact that your sweetheart is so scrupulously obedient to her mother should not lessen your regard for her; it should rather increase it, even though her dutifulness sometimes clashes with your desires and occasions you annoyance. The fact that she always obeys her mother, whenever her commands and your requests come in opposition, is no sign that she does not love you; it simply shows that she is a most conscientious and dutiful daughter, and in these days of filial disobedience such a girl is a rare prize for any man wanting a wife.

HOPE, (Scenic Vista, Oreg.)—From the story you tell we think the strange conduct of the girl is attributable to the influence of the mother. Notwithstanding this though, she cannot think as highly of you as you do of her, or she would not permit five months to pass without writing to you. We think that so far you have acted in a most sensible and gentlemanly manner, and it might be the best course to write again and ask an explanation. But as the mother mistakes her daughter's letters for her own it would be wiser to see her personally if possible. Your spelling is hardly of a kind to impress an educated lady favorably, and if you should resume correspondence with her, we would advise you to be more particular in this respect.